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NELLY GOODWIN.

OUR old school-house stood a little way out of the village close up to the travelled road, where it could catch all the noise and dust of the street. Such things as blinds or shade-trees, or paint even, were never thought of in those days in connection with country school-houses. It was a dingy, shabby-looking building, to be approached in early spring only through mud and mire. The appearance inside corresponded tolerably well with its forlorn exterior. The benches were cut and haggled, and the walls nearly black with time and smoke. A small box-stove stood at one end of the room, provided generally with green wood. In cold winter days it would become red-hot by about the middle of the forenoon, when it would diffuse an intense heat through a radius of about six feet; but over the central and northern sections of the room, where most of the scholars were seated, the atmosphere remained cold and cheerless, with scarcely an undulation from the stove that kept roaring in the distance. It was one of the amusements of the hour of intermission for the boys to run over the tops of the benches as they came in out of the mud or the snow, when the girls

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were generally driven into one corner to escape from juvenile ruffianism; or if it became altogether intolerable, they would flee into the clothes-room, and fasten themselves in. Even this, however, did not always protect them. The panels of the door would be knocked out, holes would be dug through the partition with jack-knives, and through these breaches the girls would be plied with jeers and snow-balls. The dirt lodged anywhere upon or under the benches, and there was no regular process for its removal. I remember, however, that an old broom stood in one of the entries, and I have a dim recollection of once seeing some of the larger girls get hold of it to sweep the floor, when an uncouth lubber, named Jack Kilbourn, wrested it from them and played antics with it till he broke it in pieces.

Here passed twelve years of my school life. I was a shrinking, bashful, sensitive boy, and was plunged into the midst of this world of rough and tumble. I had to walk a mile and a half, face winds and storms, and wallow through drifts, and sit in the frigid zone of the old school-house, with feet half frozen, and with a barking cough, and remain at noon subject to the tyranny of the larger boys. Generally, however, I managed to keep in corners apart, or by my peace principles to escape notice, except that sometimes a word of jeer or ridicule would grate terribly upon my bleeding nerves.

The summer terms were always taught by young women of kindly and pleasant manners. But the winter terms — O the petty tyrants whose visages to this day sometimes haunt my troubled sleep! There was a one-eyed fellow employed one winter, whose performances at pulling our hair and ears, or bruising our heads and arms with rulers, made him decidedly a man of mark. How wicked we were in wishing that his other eye might be put out too, so that he could not see where to strike, and we might dodge his blows! — I saw by the newspapers a little while since that this same fellow turned up in a remote county as candidate

for the State Senate; so he is yet alive, and how I should rejoice to hold up the roll of his transgressions against juvenile humanity to sear his eyeballs!

Perhaps the reader will be surprised when I tell him that that old school-room, notwithstanding, had a most irresistible charm, and threw over my young life some of the sweetest sunshine it ever had. I could not have accounted at the time for the attraction which always drew me into the sphere of its dirt and noise; and in describing now that strange moral magic, I shall unfold, I trust, a most important lesson, if I do not even bring to light a feature in our common-school system which has contributed not a little to its success.

There came to the school in those days a sunny-faced girl, whom I will designate as Nelly Goodwin. That was not quite her name, but as near as I dare to write it, and near enough to bring back the charm of my dreaming boyhood. She was gentle and reserved, had a mild blue eye, auburn hair, and a cheek of the most delicate peach-bloom, which showed every shade and tint of emotion. In her manners there was a striking contrast with most of the other girls. I do not remember that I ever heard her laugh; but she had a joyous temperament, and amidst mirth and giggle she wore a sweet and placid smile. What is more, she had a trembling conscientiousness, a keenness of sensibility, and a never-failing kindness of heart, which made her thoughtful of others, and a ready sympathizer in juvenile troubles. It was some time before I discovered even to myself that I was in love with that dingy school-room, because I expected Nelly Goodwin would be there. It was not one of those boyish attachments which mean nothing. It was not a personal attachment at all; she was four years older than myself, and I had never spoken to her in my life, and did not even desire it. But I had no sister, though of all others I was the boy that needed one, and Nelly Goodwin had dawned upon me to fill up my ideal of a perfect and beau-

tiful girlhood. She was the Beatrice of my young days, that made snow-drifts and pedagogues and freezing feet of no account, and diffused a sort of halo over the school-room.

One cold January morning, when the snow had a metallic ring under my feet, I made my way to the school-room in the face of a northeaster. The school had begun. There was a ring of girls around the stove. I went to my cold corner in the frigid zone. "Go to the fire?" kept popping from a dozen boys. The one-eyed master kept a sullen silence, as he stood mending pens with his blind eye asquint and his other eye intent on his work. Finally, he thundered out, "No!" There was a dead silence for five minutes. By and by the music began again from the lower benches. "Go to the fire?" squeaked out very timidly from Bill Hale. "Go to the fire?" rung a little louder from the next tier. Then "Go to the fire?" was the general explosion from the whole frigid zone.

"No!" finally reverberated again, and the ruler thundered upon the desk. "The first boy that asks again shall be punished."

Five minutes again of solemn silence, in which the roaring and crackling in the stove tantalized us, like the case of the tall man who kicked his feet out of bed in a winter's night, and dreamed of walking over burning lava, but could not get warm. "Go to the fire?" came out again the faintest possible. It was the timid squeak of Bill Hale, more deprecatory than before.

"Come here, sir!"

Bill shambled up to the desk, and took five blows upon each hand. "There, I guess that'll warm you."

The case stood in this way. We were to be thawed out in rotation. The girls had the first right. After them would come a batch of boys who happened to speak first and roar the loudest. Of course, the timid ones had small chance. I had none, for I never dared to ask at all. But I sat blue and shivering in the arctic regions; and as I looked sideways

from my book, and threw longing and despairing glances towards the stove, I saw Nelly Goodwin look over her shoulder at me several times, and watch my croupy barking, and I felt even that this was comfort enough. After the visitation upon poor Bill, I bent over my spelling-book, and abstracted attention as well as I could from my feet and fingers, and was fixing it upon the lesson. I remember the very word as if it were yesterday. It was *czar*. I examined it backward and forward, letter by letter, pricked it with a pin, felt sure all the rest of the class would miss the word, and that I should sail clear to the head with it. There might have been some secret affinity that drew me to this word so intently, some fitness of things in spelling out *czar* with blue lips and under the autocrat of our frigid zone. However, as I was buried in the mysteries of the word, I felt a finger tap me gently upon the head. I looked up and started, for there stood the czar himself. I was awe-struck, for I expected I had done something bad, and that the fate of poor Bill awaited me. But he spoke pleasantly, and even his bleary eye had a touch of softness.

"Do *you* wish to go to the fire?"

"Yes, sir," in a whisper.

"Go."

I crept towards the ring of girls, and by some accident or other it opened where Nelly Goodwin was standing, and I stood beside her. I did not dare to look at her, but I felt the magic of the place without knowing how this double good fortune had come upon me. But several times afterwards, when it came the boys' turn to be thawed out, and I was freezing in my cold corner rather than ask leave of the master, it came of itself; but I observed invariably that Nelly Goodwin, just before leave was granted me, made some errand to the desk, and spoke to the czar.

But my great and sore trial was to come. I had always an indescribable horror of seeing violence inflicted upon the human form. How those rough, hard-fisted fellows could

walk out upon the floor and take their ferruling and get over it so soon, I could not conceive. To me it had a terror the same in kind as that of a public execution. I lived in fear of it, and it threw a gloom over my youthful morning that flecked all its brightness and haunted even my happiest hours. It was not the bodily pain. It was the social disgrace and the feeling of self-degradation which I associated with that sort of brutality. How little do teachers of such moral texture as that of the one-eyed pedagogue dream of what they are doing when they measure out the same punishments to different temperaments! From some they bound off as from an anvil; into others they sink down with thrills of agony never to be forgotten.

My turn came. With all my morbid self-watch I violated one of the rules. I whispered to my next neighbor, and asked him for my book which he had borrowed. It did not escape the one hard eye that was ever watching us. I was called out, the school-room was hushed into awful stillness, the books were laid aside, my crime set forth and my doom pronounced, and the great ruler taken out. I felt as if the gaze of the universe was bent upon me. I received the five blows upon the quivering flesh without a cry or a tear, but with pressed lips, and, as they told me, with a face that turned to marble. The fellow thought, because I did not jump and roar like the rest of them, that I was making light of it, and so he doubled the measure. I glanced my eye around the school-room; I fancied I could read in the eyes of the boys a sort of triumph over me. The girls looked carelessly on, as I thought; but glancing down the form where Nelly Goodwin sat, I noticed that her head was turned away, but I saw the side of her face; her eyelashes were wet, and the peach-bloom on her cheek had been channelled with a tear. After the school was dismissed, the big boys joked and laughed as they came about me; but as we were leaving the school-house, Nelly took pains to brush by me, and speak softly, "Don't mind it, Henry: it was shameful!" My self-respect

and self-assurance all came back to me. I did not care what the rest thought if I could know I had not been degraded in the eyes of Nelly Goodwin. It was the first time she had ever spoken to me; and I felt almost content with the punishment, since it had earned those words from her.

I contrived to get on a smooth face when I arrived home, and to conceal from my parents the great sorrow that had come upon me. But after I had got to bed that night, and all was dark and still, it broke out anew in half-stifled sobs, till I sank into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that ruffians were pounding and killing me. I would start out of it lost and bewildered, when a sweet face would seem to melt through the darkness of the room, and look gently upon me as saying, "Don't mind it, Henry: it was shameful!" and this would lull me to repose till the ugly nightmare came again.

O how I dreaded to face the school the next day, and encounter the taunts of those coarse-grained fellows! I knew they envied me, for I went regularly above them, and now I was pitched down to their level. School had begun again. Every eye, I fancied, had a leer in it as I went to my cold corner. But there is, I verily believe, an invisible spiritual presence of one mind with another that imparts energy, peace, and self-respect. I did not look up, but buried my face in my book; yet I knew that Nelly must be in the room, for I felt her spirit shining into mine. And through all that cold winter, though I do not think she spoke to me half a dozen times, I went blithely to the school, endured the tyranny of Polyphemus, got my lessons, did my sums, and made what was called "remarkable progress," because I loved to be within the sphere of Nelly's maidenly goodness.

Do you remember, reader, the first "party" you ever attended? I have every reason to, for the first was also the last, during my school days. I kept in my sly corner and read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Riley's Narrative," and had a morbid sensitiveness to the giggle of divers empty-

headed damsels, particularly the girls of Farmer Dobson and 'Squire Topping. However, as my mother impressed upon me the importance of "going into company," I set off one evening to the Dobsons', where all the juvenile "best society" had been invited to assemble. How I remember that evening! The cold silver sheen lay upon the snow as I crunched it with shrinking nerves, till I came in sight of the Dobsons' windows, the "best room" all lighted up, and the buzz of garrulity and nonsense in the full tide of successful experiment. I braced myself up for the occasion and knocked,—door-bells had not then come into vogue. A dead pause as I entered, then a whisper and a simpering in the corner where Angelina Louisa Topping sat, and the hum and giggle went on again. I sat down by myself, and watched the conversation to see where several fine things I thought of saying might best come in. The trouble was they would n't come in anywhere. Games, forfeits, plays, kept circulating and sweeping all the rest into a general rotation of kissing, romping, and titter; I felt that a sixth sense was necessary to understand those matters, and that the world at one entrance was quite shut out. But in the progress of things, Nelly Goodwin's sweet and placid face was bent upon me. "I'll show you the play, Henry." I followed her through easy windings and doublings, and came up with her. It seemed to me almost a sacrilege as I touched my lips timidly to the soft peach-bloom of her cheek, more brilliant than ever in the flush of the evening. I thought what a self-sacrifice it must be to her,—she so pure and sylph-like, and I so shy and awkward,—and how good in her it was to pass by those glib and frizzled-up fellows merely for the sake of putting me at ease.

But how rapidly time whirls us about the world! It whirled me into college, and left the old school-house and all its concomitants away in the distance. I do not think parents generally understand what they are doing when they send their boys away to college. I am quite sure, if some

pious country farmers knew of the abominations which I have seen their sons plunge into, as through a very baptism of filth and sin, they would not think all the learning of the Egyptians worth obtaining at such tremendous perils to the better nature. There are two kinds of safeguard. Those who have fixed religious principles go through unharmed. Those who have such family or social connections as enable them to put their sons under social and female influences which are constraining and hallowing, have also a tolerable assurance that their children are safe. Those who, without either of these, trust to the natural affection of their children, or the "ingenuous sense of youth," or native "purity of character," trust, as I have seen again and again, to a most deceitful dream. I had neither of those safeguards. I had nothing more than that natural love of purity, which is rather an intellectual taste than a religious sentiment, and I shudder now to think how I trod among the pitfalls of ruin. How many of those young men who appeared outwardly "sedate" and "pure," and whom their parents thought so when they received them home again, were to my certain knowledge thoroughly corrupted, with all their virtue undermined! I avoided the peculiar vices of college, notwithstanding its monkish way of life. I made up for the charms and protective potencies of woman's society, to which those of larger social connections were admitted, by cherishing the ideal of the noble and beautiful girlhood that burned in my imagination. I never saw Nelly again. I had no desire to, for personally she was nothing to me nor I to her. But as having fixed in my boyish fancy an image of maidenly grace, purity, and sweetness ripening into a glorious womanhood, she was everything to me, for she kept my imagination pure and loyal. She was the Laura of my most stainless fancies, and ever went before me like a beautiful star. She never knew the good she did me, nor the hallowing light that streamed over me from her character through all those solitary years. But it may be that some girl as pure and

noble as she was may run her eye over these pages, and be cheered by the consideration that maidenly goodness and tenderness may be performing a "woman's mission" to some minds, and sinking into them like a blessed evangel in ways that she will never hear of. So subtle and immortal is the influence of such a character, even amid coarseness and frivolity, refining the one and breathing soul into the other, and throwing even over the old school-room a supernatural charm.

I should think a dozen years of my professional life might have passed away, when I obtained a week's respite from its rubs and cares, and went back to the old haunts to revive my drooping energies. The shabby old school-house had disappeared. Horace Mann's potent cry for reform had reached even there, and a neat, convenient structure appeared on the north side of the village green. But my feet were drawn to the old spot, and I could have stood there rapt like Socrates into speechless mood from sunset till sunrise. The old box-stove, Polyphemus, the horrors of the frigid zone, the kind good women who taught the summer schools, the bristle-headed boys and giggling girls, and, above all, Nelly Goodwin, with a warm halo of heart-light around her person sending silent undulations over the whole room, and especially into my cold corner, — these were things that had come and gone, and appeared only as a luminous mirage away off over the desert of life. I roamed the woods and the fields, for these were mostly unchanged. The old century trees and granite rocks were there, with their stories of other days. I made my way one morning to the top of "Beech Hill," and was sitting upon the granite and looking down upon the church and the church-green, and the site of the old school-house, where I could read as from a book the history of my childhood. It was all there, starting out from a thousand objects. Suddenly the old church-bell struck and throbbed into the air and over the hills. I knew what it meant, and that somebody had died. I counted the strokes as it began

to toll, — 39. I ran down to the village and inquired. "Mrs. Gorham is dead!" was the pensive reply. Mrs. Gorham was the Nelly Goodwin who, without knowing it, had diffused the light of a sister's love over my childish sorrows and trials. It grieved me to learn that fortune had not been kind with her. She married a man well disposed, but without energy; they went off West, struggled with hardships and privations. She had smoothed the death-pillow of her husband and three little boys, laid them to their last rest beneath the trees of the Western forest, and came back to die under the old roof. However, it was easy to forget the outward and the perishing when they told me of the divine patience and more than mortal energy which every new trial had developed, and that the gradual passing away of mortality was almost a visible putting on of the angel from within.

I was almost a stranger to the family, was of a different religious faith; but I could not help crowding into the house on the funeral day. How I longed to clasp the aged parents bent down with age and grief, and pour out to them the praises of Nelly, and thank them for the goodness which had been to me like a talisman through the perilous and trying years of my boyhood! The clergyman had a good deal to say about her faith, and her "well-grounded hope." "Why don't he say something of her works," thought I, "and of the heavenly graces that clothed her from early youth like an angel's robe?" But he was a dry theologian, and could not appreciate such a character, though all the villagers praised her, each telling with softened eye of some delicate charity of hers, perhaps treasured up long ago, and now thronging up from the past to follow her to the grave.

I almost always avoid looking at a corpse, but I could not help it now. I believe I had never seen Nelly since the Dobsons' party. There was the same calm expanse of forehead, the long, delicate eyelashes that used actually to radiate the sensibilities of the heart. Of course the peach-bloom was gone; but, spite of the traces of suffering, the sweetness was

all there, almost living about the lips and the pale features like lines chiselled in marble.

It grieved me to think I had no right to go back to the house and sit down and weep with those broken-hearted parents, for I must do that if I did anything. Nelly was their only daughter, and I could not speak of her as that clergyman did. But the next evening I went down to the old churchyard, made my way through the weeds and briers with which it was overgrown, smoothed a spot upon the mound, and transplanted a sweet-brier there. The scenes of the old school-house came back with overpowering emotion, and I felt that there I had a right to my tribute of tears.

As she was the only person who understood me through all my juvenile crosses and trials, I had a half-believing faith that she was permitted to look into my mind from the purer sphere, and read the depth of my gratitude, and know the good she had done, not merely in soothing my little griefs, but in lifting up my ideal of a true girlhood and womanhood, and making it the radiant light of the solitary hours of my whole youthful morning. Why, thought I, may not that be one of her rewards in heaven?

“And now thy smiles have passed away,
And all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!”

E. H. S.

“LIVE unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last whether thou hast been a man. In thine own circumference, as in that of the earth, let the rational horizon be larger than the sensible, and the circle of reason than of sense. Let the divine part be upward, and the region of beast below; otherwise, 'tis but to live invertedly, and with thy head unto the heels of thy antipodes.”

THE CALAMITY AT LAWRENCE.

A SERMON BY REV. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, D. D.*

PROVERBS xxiv. 29 : — "For their calamity shall rise suddenly."

JEREMIAH xlix. 21 : — "The earth is moved at the noise of their fall."

THESE sentences have had a strange verification in the catastrophe of the last week, which has filled a neighboring city with terror and grief. Every morning's and evening's press has repeated new and fresh details of the scene of destruction, and recounted the names of the wounded, the missing, and the dead. Every telegraphic wire has trembled under the burden of the tale of horror; and already, in far-distant corners of our land, beneath unnumbered roofs, myriads of hearts have been touched to sympathy for the sad company of sufferers. How many prayers will go up for them from Christian altars to-day! "The earth is moved at the noise of their fall." The great deeps of the public heart have been stirred. If compassionate wishes and Christian prayers could at once put on the forms of angels, an innumerable host of ministering spirits would seem to come from business centres and scattered homes all through our land, to gather round the injured and the mourning, to strengthen them in their pain and agony. Even those silent wishes and secret prayers will do their work. Not one is lost by the ear of God; and he will find a way to change them into angelic aids to reach the sorrowing and burdened souls.

Filled as your minds have been with more extended accounts of this sad disaster, day after day, perhaps you may have wished to come to a Christian temple to find a refuge in different and brighter thoughts. But I have lingered over those accounts as well as you, — and, for a time, they have diminished my interest in other themes. It is not the loss

* Delivered in Salem, January 15th.

of life, great as that already appears, and may prove to be, which invests this tragedy with such a strange and fearful interest. The number of victims has been far surpassed many times before. Many more went down beneath the waves when the Arctic sank into the ocean deeps. Perhaps more homes were shrouded by that calamity than have been smitten now. More were lost when the Central America was crushed by the pitiless sea;—or when, years ago, the steamship in which the noble and heroic Follen perished became a flaming sepulchre, and so many were left with only the terrible alternative of death by fire or flood;—or, yet again, when, within the last few weeks, a ship, crowded with hundreds of passengers, already rejoicing in the sight of home, was dashed upon the English coast, and almost none escaped to tell the tale of wreck. Larger companies have found their grave in many an ocean tomb, who shall come forth together when the sea shall give up its dead. Who can unroll the records of disaster upon the sea or upon the shore? Earthquakes have whelmed whole cities in instantaneous ruin, and changed every house into a sepulchre. The path of many an emigrant march has been marked all its way by graves. Almost as many perished, perhaps, in that expedition of gallant souls into realms of eternal frost,—the mystery of whose fate, which both the continents so long attempted to solve, has but lately been unveiled,—as in the tragedy which occupies our thought to-day. It is the singularity, as well as the extent, of the present calamity that so deeply moves us. We are familiar with the thought of perils on the sea. Brave men take their lives in their hand on their expeditions of adventure and discovery. But when, amidst no sign or dream of danger, while the busy hands of hundreds are working at their daily toil, and their hearts are beating with fullest life and hope, the crash comes as unexpectedly as if the solid earth had suddenly opened to let them drop into some unfathomable abyss, humanity must be strangely moved at the terror of their

fall. The hour, too, brought to many a double death. The sudden crash was not so fearful as the slower death by devouring flame. There were some, doubtless, racked by the pain of the first mortal injury, yet hoping for rescue to clasp once more their loved one's hands, who were afterward burned alive amid their deadly agony. There were others, unhurt by the first catastrophe, who were as if chained in their fearful prison-house, till the creeping, rushing flame could devour them by its fiery breath. Theirs was all, and more than all, of a martyr's suffering, — perhaps, *perhaps*, sometimes borne up with almost a martyr's trust, but unsustained by that inspiration of a martyr's noble purpose, which has made the sufferer chant anthems of triumph till his tongue was changed to ashes. When I think of that first crash, — that harrowing suspense of the still living and imprisoned victims, — that slow death of torture amid cries for help and shrieks of agony, — I picture a scene before my imagination, which, though it may be more than paralleled in the number of the perishing, still has its own peculiar and unmatched features of dread and horror.

But it is more than time to attempt to arrange these desultory thoughts into order. And, first, there are some general considerations which the details of the daily prints have suggested, that throw some rays of light upon the gloom. What marvellous escapes have been recounted to awaken the utmost wonder in every man, and everlasting thankfulness in those who almost seem to have had miraculous interpositions in their behalf! Though the crash came with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes thought, more rapid still, detected the means of deliverance. Or else the massive beams and ponderous shafts appeared to avoid the human forms which they would have crushed into a shapeless mass, and arrange themselves in ways that no skill could have devised, but which afforded a safer shelter to those who crouched beneath them than the broad roof and lofty walls before they started from their place. There were won-

derful deliverances, which will be repeated as legends long after those who were rescued shall have gone to their sepulchres. I remember how many perished. I know what awful disappointments came to some as the door of safety seemed just opening before their eyes, but whom the rapid fire wrapped in a winding-sheet of flame. I do not undertake to balance the unutterable joy of the rescued ones — or of mothers, children, friends, who clasped them to their breast — against the unutterable grief of those who looked upon the blazing funeral pile of their beloved dead. Such joy or such grief in a single human heart is not to be balanced or measured. But I know that, if there were many deaths amid that peril, there were many resurrections too. Indeed, every instance of escape seems to me a marvel. Who would have ventured to predict so many deliverances, if he could have dreamed of a calamity like this? The saved vastly, almost miraculously, outnumber the lost, and gratitude that the horrors of the scene were not greater still is, after all, the prevailing thought.

Turn now from the incidents to the manifestations of character to which such tragedies always lead. How the strong traits of human nature come out to view when such an intense light is thrown upon them, revealing all their beauty or their deformity! How surely a great calamity awakens an instantaneous compassion, which inspires men with heroic self-forgetfulness and tireless energy! Many men become changed into angels by such throbs of pity, to toil with more than a giant's strength, and to minister to the suffering with more than a woman's tenderness. Tears of admiration gush from the eyes, when I read how generously humanity responds when great calls are made upon it. There are some compensations amidst the terrible tragedies of life. When I read how a heroic boy will accept no deliverance for himself, and sends his rescuers away till a beloved sister can be saved, I am not sure that all the peril both to himself and her is not a small price to pay for

one such hour of pure, self-forgetting love. When I think of the noble qualities summoned at once into life by such a calamity as this, in the army of generous helpers who become fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, to the suffering and the dead, or remember the compassion which it creates in myriad hearts everywhere, I sometimes feel that I see how God turns these dread calamities to glorious issues. A life is little to give for a pure flood of diviner feeling and thought. I know that there is another side to the picture. The demoniac spirit in men always comes out where the godlike is most clearly exhibited. Some go to plunder, where the many go to save. Selfishness puts forth its most terrific traits where generosity exercises the most Christ-like ministries. Sometimes human harpies have robbed the dying and the dead, or those who watched around them. There are degraded men who will give themselves to the brutalities of intemperance and rioting, when it would seem as if the very stones must be moved to compassion. Side by side with John stands Judas in the view of the world forever, and every scene which opens the deeps of the human heart reveals a similar association of purity and guilt. Still, how immeasurably the good and generous traits prevail amid the most tragic scenes of life! Every truer heart gives itself up to its nobler impulses, and hearts which were never moved before find deep wells of love sending up from their previously unsealed depths free and flowing streams. As gratitude for the greater number of escapes predominates even when we think of the great company of the lost, so admiration of the nobler qualities of humanity, so gloriously revealed, prevails, even while we remember instances of almost demoniac depravity; and again rays of light mingle with the gloom.

But still other views press upon the mind, and other lessons are enforced by these cries of agony. What a terrible indictment many of these sudden calamities bring against the want of thorough honesty in workmanship, the criminal

carelessness or incompetency, which so often perils, or sacrifices, multitudes of human lives. We are not so presumptuous as to prefer a specific charge in respect to this last direful tragedy, before all the evidence is presented on which to base our judgment. We would not minister to the disposition to bring such charges in moments of deep excitement. We may not know—indeed, we may never learn, beyond the chance of contradiction—the exact and fatal defect; whether the foundations at certain points rested upon shifting sands instead of immovable and solid earth,—whether the walls were not massive enough to sustain the mighty strain of the ponderous machinery,—or whether the pillars on which vast weights were laid were criminally weak, and snapped under their crushing burden. But somewhere a defect must have existed, which was the cause of the fearful massacre. Perhaps the man whose workmanship was so unsound never dreamed that such results could depend upon his thoroughness. Still, the defect did its work, and he is as truly the instrument by whom it was done, as if by some designed and malicious enginery he had crushed the mighty structure into fragments. We remember all the palliations for the individual man. The unfaithful have no conscious evil purpose. Yet, so far as the result is concerned, the workman who puts worthless timbers into the ship, or neglects firmly to bolt them together, and leaves a point at which the sea can make a fatal breach, might as well have bored through her sides amidst the raging of the storm; or he who makes the bridge, over which hundreds of men are continually carried in flying haste, of imperfect materials, or insufficient strength, might as well have dashed the train into the abyss, with its freight of inestimable lives. The mighty forces of nature are not to be ignored or trifled with, without inevitable retribution. Such sins find us out in the disasters that fill so many homes with agony, and shroud communities in gloom. We are slow to believe in disasters for which there is no blame. Such language is a contradiction in this

world of fixed and omnipresent laws. There may not be, we say again, perhaps there never is, the conscious guilt which merits the severest reprobation. But these disasters are not accidents. They are the retributions for some breach of nature's beneficent and mighty laws. The sentence may not seem to be executed speedily. It may often appear to be long delayed; but it comes at last in all its terror, to preach a truer, higher righteousness by its awful judgments.

There is a grand principle of thoroughness to be displayed in every work of mind or hand,—an absolute and noble honesty, which man everywhere is slow to learn, but which is essential to integrity of character. How scrupulous it is to make its every work complete! It lays the foundations of the massive edifice so deep and strong, that it cannot be shaken unless the solid earth crumble, or be removed from its place. It makes the walls so firm that no strain will shatter them into fragments. It puts no pillar under the timbers which will not ring out clearly, like the tone of a bell, when tested by trial blows. When it reigns in man, like the judgment of the Eternal One, it will overlook no defects. No peril that the utmost skill can detect, or the highest prudence can prevent, will be left out of sight. How beautiful, how almost divine, are its manifestations in child or man! It never permits the child to slight the smallest detail in his work. It never allows the man to be guilty of the pettiest delinquency to his trust. As the old Jew, in his superstitious reverence for the sacred books of his people, would not tolerate the alteration of a single letter, of the smallest point, when he copied law or prophecy or psalm,—so the man of this higher principle, in his glorious integrity, will not tolerate the slightest deviation from the sublimest ideal of his work. Like the sacrifices at the ancient altars, his offering of handicraft or of thought must be without spot or blemish. In the spirit of the Lord when he went to his baptism, he seeks to fulfil all righteousness. He needs no oversight to keep him steadfast to this lofty fidelity. Ac-

according to that grand expression which pictures the ideal of such an excellence, "His eye, when turned on empty space, beams bright with honor." Is it not a glorious integrity? The absence of it not only makes many things imperfect, and leaves defects which are avenged by sudden disasters, whose noise moves the earth, but it destroys all thorough soundness of principle in human hearts. The most fearful disasters which it causes cannot parallel the spiritual calamity incurred by its loss. What outward misfortune or wreck can equal the wreck of such integrity! What a glorious world this would be, if the laborer at his toil, the student in his closet, the magistrate in his place of public trust, the man everywhere, should work and live in this absolute and thorough honesty! Then these appalling calamities would not only be averted, but life would present beautiful embodiments of a fidelity which, after all, could no more be fully expressed in such outward deeds, than the perfections of God can be perfectly displayed in the works of his hand. If man cannot be charmed and won by such a vision of fidelity, he will be driven to it by the retributions for his infidelity. Somehow, by love or fear, by angelic ministries or startling visitations, the all-controlling Providence vindicates its perfect truth, and brings men to its service.

But still another suggestion comes in connection with such calamities as that upon which we meditate to-day. What startling revelations they give of the unconceived and unsuspected might of these natural forces! Man conforms to these mighty laws, and he becomes almost omnipotent. He renders them exact obedience, and air, water, steam, electricity, gravitation,—the forces that uphold the stars and control the universe of matter and of motion,—become his servants, to toil and work for him. When he discovers any secret of nature, he becomes so far its lord; and he manifests his supremacy in the gigantic inventions which outstrip the prophecies of imagination by actual achievements. But the conditions of that sovereignty are as fixed

and immutable as the laws by which it comes. One violation of their requirements, one transgression against these almighty powers of nature which move on sublimely with no friction or jar, and men are crushed like moths, and their most ponderous works, which they can scarcely move into their place, are hurled hither and thither in wild confusion, like dust before the whirlwind. See how these sleeping energies can crush everything into fragments. So would suns and worlds be crushed, if such transgressions of law as man commits could occur among the spheres. Are these things symbols, I sometimes ask with a cry of exultation and of dread,—are these things symbols of spiritual facts? What is the whole universe itself, and every fact which it includes, but a picture of higher truths? I believe, and feel, that obedience to the eternal moral laws of the spiritual universe will confer upon man a majesty which his highest external achievements cannot image. When he obeys a grand spiritual truth, he is indeed exalted. What are the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount, but the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; and he who can gain possession of them unlocks all its doors to enter into its unutterable glories. He who yields to the whispers of the Divine Spirit, has the omnipotent Comforter of God to work its miracles of grace within his heart. I follow out this line of thought, and I accept the most glowing representations of the glory of a divine life as statements of simple spiritual facts. Why may not he who becomes the true servant of God be made his *son*, the heir of his unutterable glory and peace? Why must not that diviner life take the soul up into a realm in which there will be no more pain, or tears, or death, or night, where the soul will dwell in the unveiled light of the eternal throne? But are the conditions of this sovereignty as exact and immutable in the world of spirit as in the world of nature? Is the opposite analogy also true? Are unfaithful men as truly crushed when they transgress spiritual laws, as when they sin against natural forces? Is there a depth of

spiritual degradation which corresponds, by appalling contrast, with this vision of spiritual glory? I remember the words of Jesus, which apply to individual souls as well as to his Church, when he declares, in respect to whatever is built upon the rock of truth, that "the gates of hell cannot prevail against it." And I remember his other words, "Upon whomsoever this stone shall fall, it will grind him to powder." I dare not picture, even to myself, how far man, in his transgression, may be crushed by the spiritual laws whose destined office it was to lead him up to the very throne. I shrink from the natural analogies, whose lessons, in the swift destruction of these terrible calamities, I nevertheless cannot thrust aside. Indeed, when I see men who once looked up into mothers' faces with answering tenderness and love, whose hearts responded to the sweetest ties of human homes, become so lost to humanity in a few short years that they can go to scenes of overwhelming disaster to execute plans of theft and guilt, — when I estimate the rocky hardness of hearts which no suffering can really melt, — when I study the guilt of traitors, who, Judas-like, sell their Lord afresh, — I seem to see the deeps of that perdition yawning open to expose its awful secrets to my view. Do not trifle with, much less transgress, these everlasting laws of rectitude. Kindle not those passions which may burn into a quenchless flame. Do not, by conscious sin, put out the spiritual eye, which was made to look into the very heart of God, and thus leave the soul in rayless night.

But I forbear. A single lesson more, which might well detain our thought, but which must be given in a word, and I have done. Suddenly the calamity came upon the sufferers of whom we have been thinking to-day. It was to them as if the angel had instantaneously sounded the trump of judgment to summon the nations up to the great scene of the trial of living souls. There are other trumpets than those which are heard in scenes of disaster, that are continually sounding. Not to companies, but to single men, the change

often comes as suddenly as it came to those crushed and stricken ones. Whether men go in such startling haste or by slow disease, to all the change is as great as if in one moment we should be standing here, and in the next before the throne of God. God grant that, when the angel's trumpet is sounded over us, it may be no note of fear, but a tone of angelic welcome to that life in which the celestial powers, which now begin to bestow their majesty upon the faithful soul, shall clothe it with their highest glory, and endow it with their godlike peace!

THE LAKE-SIDE GRAVEYARD.

I.

Two little garden graves to see,
Made beautiful by loving hands,
One day my friend invited me
Into his friend's broad lands.
Our senses all were glad that day :
Around us fruitful acres lay ;
We caught the breath of new-mown hay ;
We saw the corn with pennons green ;
The orchards wore their summer sheen ;
Ground-apple blossoms too, were seen,
Blue, white, and cream-hued : all was fair
As if death could not enter there ;
Gladness was dancing in the air.
Only the house, seen from the gate,
Looked mournful and disconsolate ;
For lately there, in funeral state,
The fearful king's relentless feet,
Heard by men's ears with equal beat
On cottage and on palace floor,
Had passed through the unwilling door.

II.

Thus ever looks the stricken dwelling
Whence loveliness is called away ;
Why, it is past all human telling, —
'T was ever as to-day.
But thoughts that make the bowed heart glad,
'T was plain, the sorrowing parents had,
Though the house wore the look so sad,
That gives kind souls the tender warning
That souls within it sit in mourning,
And bids them, pride's concealments scorning,
Speak from the heart to father, mother,
Meek sister and full-hearted brother,
And not one spark of feeling smother,
Sure that what speaks from heart to heart
Will win its way, and do its part,
To soothe the pain of grief's keen dart ;
For though the whole domain was fair,
And beauty revelled everywhere,
The fairest spot in all the bound
Was that dear garden burial-ground.

III.

Close by the graves a lakelet spread ;
Two swans upon the waters sailed ;
Queen-like careered each bright-eyed head,
The wings seemed white robes trailed.
But still, though beautiful and bright,
With native royalty bedight,
The birds were not prepared for flight ;
Nor could they to their march sublime
And rippling water's bell-like chime
With a majestic song keep time :
Only when plumed for their last day,
As if about to soar away,
Their wings will move in flight-like play ;
And, warbling from each organ throat,
Rich music on the air will float,
Each breath of song a requiem note.

So speaks the mythic voice of old,
 In which full many a truth is told ;
 Full oft in fables old we read
 Evangels that we little heed.

IV.

We see our children at their play,
 We hear their winning voices blend,
 And, dreaming, think their life's bright day
 Will never have an end.
 But sorrow comes, and holds in thrall
 The playfulness of hearth and hall ;
 And mirth-light darkens with his pall.
 Then from his home, with loving hand,
 To where we in amazement stand,
 The golden sceptre of command
 Our Father stretches o'er the gloom,
 And bids us see beyond the tomb
 Our darlings all their life resume.
 We see their flight, and hear their song
 Sweet as swan-music, clear and long,
 And while the fainting heart grows strong,
 Into our ears in accents plain
 Sinks the rich burden of the strain :
 " We go, God-guided, ye know whither ;
 Wait but a while, then follow hither."

 WORDSWORTH.

BLEST bard ! who bathed in seas of light,
 And played with gems of truth,
 Who roamed through fields of beauty bright,
 Crowned with immortal youth !

DR. HUNTINGTON ON THE TRINITY.

WE have endeavored to give our readers, in another department of the Magazine, a view of Dr. Huntington's argument in favor of the tripersonality of the object of Christian worship. Many of them will read the volume itself, and see the argument in its whole breadth and fulness. The main points are the following.

The doctrine of the Trinity, or rather Tripersonality, for that is the form which it assumes in his statement, and the two terms are by no means synonymous, has with trifling exceptions been held by Christian believers ever and everywhere. Though truth is not determined by majorities, yet it is hardly credible that the great Head of the Church, who promised to be with it always, would suffer it to embrace a delusion so wide-spread, and running through all the ages. To suppose this is painful, not to say irreverent towards the Providence that has ever led and watched the true Christian Israel.

This doctrine, or the system of which it forms a part, is essential to render Christianity practically an efficient and vital power in the world and in the human soul. Leave this out, and man fails to see the extent of sin and its terrible evil; piety wastes, the Church declines, enthusiasm is chilled, prayer loses its efficacy, and the world reaps an easy harvest. Restore it, and the Church becomes aggressive; the sinner is convinced and finds peace in believing, and devotion revives again.

This doctrine, and the system to which it belongs, give unity to the Bible, and make all its disclosures and utterances fall into one majestic and consistent plan. From Genesis to the Apocalypse, the great themes of Incarnation and Redemption are all-harmonizing and make all difficulties of exegesis to vanish, while to the Anti-Trinitarian they are insurmountable, or require unnatural or labored explanations.

These three heads seem to us to sum up the argument, which in the Sermon is drawn out in various detail, and with great rhetorical skill. This doctrine of threeness in the Divine Nature has been the almost universally accepted one through all the ages of faith: it is necessary in order to make Christianity an efficient, working, and renewing power; and it makes the Bible a consistent and symmetrical whole.

These tests, if they would bear examination, would certainly be conclusive. To present them fairly and plainly, rather than to controvert them, is our purpose now. But as this is not our view of the Christian history, economy, and revelation, and as the whole subject goes to the very life and essence of Christianity, and the deeps of the Christian experience, we ask the company of our readers while we take them, not into another controversy about the Trinity, but to some points of observation, from which in a light somewhat different this great field of truth may lie before us.

I. It is a pretty sure indication of corruption in theology when its service requires of us to wrest language from its legitimate use, and employ it in the Church as Talleyrand did in the State, to conceal or to obscure thought rather than reveal it. Dr. Huntington does not consciously do this, but any system of tripersonality must. Everybody has an idea, till it is dissipated by metaphysics, of what a person is. A person is an individual being, having his own separate self-consciousness; and to be personally known to us, he must be revealed to us in living form. To say that God exists in three persons is to say that there are three self-conscious beings, and the conception is produced instantly in the mind of three Gods. You may protest that you are not using language in its common acceptation; but what does the protest avail, if you go right on and assign to the three persons such offices and functions as inevitably beget the notion of three self-conscious actors in the believer's mind? Is it the words on your lips, or is it the inmost thought of your heart, that God regards in worship? We may say "one God"

with the mouth all day and all night, and yet if the attitude of the soul within is towards three Persons each with an "independent self-consciousness," and each having Divine attributes, then the motions of the mouth are as empty sounds, while the act of the soul is an unblest idolatry.

The doctrine of threeness in the Divine Nature is held now, and has been held from remote ages, by those who do not divide the Divine Personality. We never can know anything of God, except so far as he becomes humanized to our human conceptions. This seems plain. Man is his image and partakes of his nature. All that we say of God, his mercy, his justice, his holiness, his goodness, mean nothing to us, except so far forth as there is something in our own being that answers to those great ideas. Just so likewise of his unity, his threeness, and his personality. There is ground for these in our own nature, or we could not even receive a revelation respecting them. Man's nature is triune. He is love, intellect, and active power: heart, head, hand;—as Sir William Hamilton puts it in his clear and masterly analysis, feeling, cognition, and conation: the sole ground in man whence he can arise to the august conception of the Divine Threeness,—the eternal Love, the eternal Wisdom or Word, and their eternal processions of Power. We may strain after something about God when there is nothing in man to receive it: it will not even fall within the laws of thought; we only beat the air and hear the "clatter" of our own intellectual machinery. That God is Love, Wisdom, and Power, all existing in one self-conscious being or person, creating man for feeling, knowing, and doing, comes at once into our faith that puts us in communion with the Supreme in just the degree that we will suffer him to mould us into his own glorious image.

II. It is the concession of candid Trinitarians that the Tripersonality is not found expressly in the New Testament, but was "developed" afterwards by the Christian Church. "This doctrine does not strictly belong to the fundamental

articles of the Christian faith, as appears sufficiently evident from the fact that it is expressly held forth in no one particular passage of the New Testament," is the language of Neander. "The unfolding of the mystery is committed to the scientific activity of the Church," is the language of Olshausen. But that the doctrine of Christ's essential divinity is set forth in the New Testament, yea, that it breaks from its pages in a blaze of glory, is the almost unanimous agreement of Christian believers. In the Incarnation, the Life, and the Mediation of Christ there is the full expression of the Godhead, the essential Divinity coming down into visible personality for the salvation of man. Never are we invited to come to the Father by climbing round the personality of the Son. That there are eternal deeps of the Divine Nature that we may never fathom, is only saying that we are weak and finite. That all which we can know or understand of God we have in Christ, the incarnate and revealing Word, is his own declaration again and again. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son that dwelleth in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." "*All that the Father hath is mine.*" "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." That the essential Divinity in Christ is not a person separated from the Father, another person, but consubstantial with the Father, and revealing the whole Godhead in one glorious person, "*all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,*" is plain even in the letter; but in the only system of interpretation self-consistent throughout, — we mean the New Church law of analogies, — this central truth of the New Testament appears like the sun shining in his strength.

And mark with what plainness the Holy Spirit is described as the gift of Christ, the procession of life and power coming from him alone: "*He shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire.*" "*I will send you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth.*" "He breathed on them, saying, '*Receive ye the Holy Spirit.*'" The exigencies of theology

must be hard-pressing indeed, that can turn this sweet and blessed doctrine aside, of a cleansing and comforting power pulsing into the soul from a Divine Saviour, brought near to the disciple by personal communion and lowly faith, for that strange riddle of the understanding, a third person in the Trinity coming and going between God and man!

III. The first historical development of Christianity was in strict accordance with this conception of one God in one person, and that person brought near to man in the Divine Saviour. The Pentecostal scene fulfilled the promise of the Comforter. It was not produced by preaching Tripersonality and a vicarious atonement. It was produced by preaching Christ and the resurrection with repentance and remission of sins; and as for the Holy Spirit which came as a baptism of fire, it was said of the glorified Saviour, "*He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear.*" So the first conversions were made and the first churches were built up. When Paul looked up through the opened heavens, and sought the source of that power which smote him to the earth and overwhelmed him with self-convictions, the answer was, "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." They called on the name of the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Spirit came. It was the Divine Sphere of Light and Love and Power brought down to the earth in the Lord Jesus Christ, and turned full upon man. The "scientific activity" of the Church had not yet begun. They simply looked up to the Saviour, the God become man, and "the Holy Ghost fell on them," (a person indeed?) and its power rolled in upon them in surges of energy, peace, and love. And when John was "in the Spirit," and saw the glorious Theophany, did he see three persons each claiming divine honors, or did he see "one like unto the Son of Man," saying, "I am the First and the Last, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty"?

No student of history, we think, will affirm that there is the least hint of tripersonality in the Godhead in the writings

extant of the Apostolic Fathers. Later down, from A. D. 175 to 200, we have explicit statements from Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and Tertullian of the essentials of the Christian faith, and what had "always been believed" in the Church. In these the essential Divinity of Christ is fully and affectionately acknowledged, the New Testament form, both of language and doctrine, is preserved; but there is no lisp of tripersonality or a substitutive atonement. These old creeds are refreshing, for they have the breath of the morning hour. Irenæus gives the following as the creed of those "who diligently keep the ancient tradition": "Believing in one God, maker of Heaven and earth, and of all things in them by Christ Jesus the Son of God, who through his most eminent love towards his creature underwent that generation which was of a virgin, He by himself uniting man to God, and having suffered under Pontius Pilate and being rose again and taken up in splendor will come again in glory, a Saviour of them that are saved and a judge of them that are judged, sending into eternal fire the perverters of truth, and the despisers of his Father, and of his own coming again." Tertullian gives the following as "the rule that had been observed and adhered to from the very beginning of the Gospel,"—that it was "prior to all heretics that had been in the Christian Church." He believed "in one God, and that his Word was the Son of the one God; who proceeded from him; by whom all things were made, and without whom nothing was made; that he was sent by or from the Father into the virgin, and from her was born Man and God, the Son of Man and the Son of God, and named Jesus Christ; that he suffered, that he died, that he was buried according to the Scriptures, and raised up by the Father, and, taken up into heaven, sits at the right hand of the Father, and will come to judge the quick and the dead; who from thence sent, according to his promise from the Father, the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, the Sanctifier of their faith who believe in the Father and Son and Holy Ghost."

That in this conception of Father and Son they did not separate the Divine Nature into persons, appears from the following explanation of Tertullian: "Before all things, God was alone; but not absolutely alone, for he had with him his own reason, since God is a rational being. This reason the Greeks call Logos, which word we now render Sermo. AND THAT YOU MAY MORE EASILY UNDERSTAND THIS FROM YOURSELF, CONSIDER THAT YOU WHO ARE MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD HAVE REASON WITHIN YOURSELF." *

IV. But "the scientific activity of the Church" was at hand. Precisely in the degree that it declined in godliness, and the primal graces disappeared, was the Divine Personality cloven and separated in its authorized formulas. The Arian controversy raged for more than half a century, in which the worst passions were unloosed on both sides. What a surface do these times present, from which to reflect the divine doctrines,—this surging sea of human hatred and strife! The Athanasians ejected from the primitive creed the doctrine of the Divine Unity, and two persons be-

* But Tertullian "developed" the doctrine of the Logos in opposition to the Monarchians, and grazed the borders of Tritheism, taking ground from which his successors developed it still farther. He is the transition point between Christian Monotheism and Tripersonalism, and might be claimed either way. Among other analogies, he compares the Logos proceeding out of the Divine Essence, and becoming incarnate in Christ, to a stalk from its root, both one in substance but numerically distinct, and the Holy Spirit to the fruit upon the stalk, continuously produced through the Son. Yet again he says, that each of the three may be called God, though he does not seem to conceive of each as having "an independent self-consciousness." Neander represents, with admirable truthfulness, that the unlearned among the laity, — or, as Tertullian says, "all simple persons, not to say ignorant and illiterate, who form always the majority of believers," — in whose Christian consciousness the doctrine of Christ's divinity was the most intensely wrought, revolted against the logomachists, and would only see the whole Godhead in Christ. They would not receive at first the "developed" theology of the metaphysicians, "pervaded by reflection and dialectic distinctions." Whether these "simple persons," with an intense Christian consciousness of a present Saviour, or the learned logomachists and wranglers, were the more likely to be right, is a question which admits of a difference of opinion. See Neander's *Antignostikus*, Part III. Sec. 2.

gan to appear. The Arians ejected the doctrine of the Saviour's essential Divinity, and God receded into the dim and inaccessible heavens. Which party was to prevail was long doubtful. The Church split into two nearly equal factions, and it seemed a drawn battle, except as one or the other allied itself with the civil power. At length the Tripersonalists prevailed. *How* they prevailed, and by what process the ancient Anti-Trinitarianism "died out," involve a very interesting passage of history, and one which is calculated to make a man exceedingly modest in urging an argument from the "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

In the year 379, Theodosius ascended the throne of the eastern division of the Roman empire. He was surnamed "the Great," and he well deserves the further addition of the Bloody and Cruel. Not that he was any worse than Roman emperors in general. He was not so bad, for he never murdered his own wife, brothers, or children, as other good Christian emperors were in the habit of doing. He had great energy of character, was thoroughly orthodox, and was amply accomplished in all the bull-dog virtues. An insurrection from a trivial cause broke out, and was soon quelled, at Thessalonica. The Emperor ordered from his officers seven thousand human heads to expiate the crime. The populace were invited into the circus; men, women, and children assembled expecting to witness the games. They were then shut in, and the butchery went on for three hours, till the seven thousand heads had been obtained. This was the man who undertook to settle disputes in theology.

The Arians were in possession of the Eastern churches. The Patriarch at Constantinople, the monks, the clergy, and the people, were generally of that faith. Theodosius did not trouble himself to examine it. He selected two prelates, Damasus, Bishop of Rome, and Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, and declared them the "treasures of true doctrine." Those whose faith conformed to theirs were orthodox, all

others were to be rejected as outcasts. Fifteen edicts were issued successively, continually increasing in severity, till the heretics were hunted unto death. The Arians were driven, not only from the Church, but from their homes, and languished and died in exile; "inquisitors of the faith" were appointed to act as spies and judges of the secret opinions of men. The orthodox bishops fanned the flame of persecution. St. Gregory was installed as the new Patriarch of Constantinople, in defiance of the whole flock intrusted to his care. The brutal soldiery attended in the cathedral to force the new bishop upon the people. Pagans and Arians alike were hunted down. The pagan peasants sometimes resisted only to be butchered on the spot. On one occasion the saints declared, and the judges admitted, that, in the slaughter within the pagan temples, devils and angels entered into the combat, and the idolaters merely shared the fate of the infernal spirits with whom they were leagued. Uniformity of faith followed. Tripersonality became, if not the "quod semper," yet undoubtedly the "quod ubique, quod ab omnibus." *

Then followed the long, dreary, arctic night of the Church. The litanies went up to three persons, and along with them the half-stifled groans and half-muffled cries of oppressed and weary human nature. From the cold regions or burning sands of exile, from souls slain under the altar, from the midst of blazing fagots, from dungeons under ground, from "the Alpine mountains cold," went up the prayer, "O Lord, how long!" while from all the cathedrals, churches, and monasteries went up the worship of Tritheism.

"But we must remember that the age was dark." The age undoubtedly was dark, and a very pertinent question arises, — WHAT MADE THE AGES DARK? Any age becomes dark just in the degree that the knowledge of God is lost. Any age is dark in proportion as its worship becomes untrue. The idea of God is vital, central; all our other ideas are

* Sismondi's *Fall of the Roman Empire*, pp. 110-112.

fitted to it and borrow their light from it, as the planets replenish their light and trick their beams from the sun. All our notions of man, of duty, of neighborly love, of nature and revelation, of this life and the next, of regeneration, redemption, and preparation for heaven, are determined and vitalized by our conception of God, for that is the inmost of all our thoughts and actions. Let God be one, clear-shining, ever near, and melting into the soul, and conjunction with him is unbroken, and worship is all-renewing; all other doctrine falls into its true place and order, and there is unity everywhere else. Let our idea of the One Infinite Person be lost or blurred and dissipated, and there is darkness or lurid twilight on all the landscapes of the mind, and there is no such worship or unison with the Lord as cleanses away the foul depravity of human nature. Thus the Christian idea of God, sinking down into the ages, gathered their darkness about it deeper and deeper, and was dissipated and divided and ended in confirmed Tritheism; and then there was pagan night over all the Church, and man was a wolf to man.

We have not time to trace the influence of Tritheism on the religion of modern Protestantism, but we think it has been disastrous enough. Under Protestantism it allied itself organically with the doctrine of justification by faith alone, or putative instead of genuine righteousness, and thereby preserved all its power to hurt and to kill. To this we owe all the lurking and deadly Antinomianism of Protestantism, which these three hundred years has separated faith from charity, religion from life, ritual from goodness, and devotion from honesty. Perhaps, if we summoned all the facts to bear witness, we might hurt the oil and the wine of neighborly kindness. They are patent enough in the history of the sects;—the stakes where the martyrs have died, the dungeons on whose impassive walls their prayers have been written; the Scotland heaths lifting up their hymns amid the wildness of nature with alarms lest the hunters might hear;

the Bunhill fields where the victims only found peace; the death-penalties on the statute-book wiped off within the memory of living men;* Arminianism mingling its blood with its sacrifice in all the by-ways of Holland; the half-suppressed history of the Familists, the Baptists, and the Quakers of New England; the maxims of trade and commerce and bargaining perverted, Mammon ruling in splendid churches, and starving women in sound of their bells, stitching at ninepence a day, and stitching their own shrouds; American slavery creeping into the churches, and up to the altar and the pulpit, and overshadowing both with a deadly Atheism; the hard Jewish bearing of the sects towards each other;—these, and ten thousand more, are swift and sharp-tongued witnesses to the results of the fundamental dogma of Protestantism, which separates religion from life, and under which the sweet and heavenly charities are blasted and withered.

“The times were dark, and human rights were not understood.” What made them dark, and what is it that separates man from God, and by consequence man from his brother?

V. In days of darkest corruption, and amid the most awful wickedness of an apostate Church, there have been multitudes who have lived and died in the sanctity of a genuine faith. And what has been the doctrine which has laid hold upon them and saved them? We believe it will be found to have been the essential Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, breaking clear of the tangles of Tritheism, and offering the Divine Person to the humble believer. This has been the saving element which no corruptions could completely overlay. It is a personal, vital union of the disciple with his Saviour that causes the Divine Life to pass into him and transform him into the Divine image, and produce from within outwardly, not a putative, but a genuine righteousness: it is this which saves him when it becomes domi-

* Unitarianism up to a period comparatively recent was punishable with death in England. It was also punishable with death under Puritan law.

nant over the divided worship of Tritheism. Here in fact is the distinctive and renewing power of the Gospel. Thus Dr. Huntington writes in his Sermon on "the Secret of the New Name," and with an affecting truthfulness which in our judgment nullifies every syllable of his argument for the Tripersonality : —

"The special character and privilege of the Christian rest in a personal and conscious union between him and his living Redeemer. We vex our ingenuity straining after definitions of the distinctive thing in Christianity. They are all superficial and irrelevant compared with this. How uniform and majestic the testimony that rises from all the lands and ages of faith to this simple truth, — that it is not rules of conduct, not systems of ethics, not patterns of propriety, not eloquent expositions, that inspire the believing and faithful heart with its immortal energy and peace, but the simple secret assurance of being at one with the Lord Jesus, and resting in his almighty friendship ! Where is the fiery furnace deep enough to burn despair into our souls, if we can see walking with us though the fire the form of the Son of God ? What then is the tribulation, or famine, or sword, or nakedness which shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The mystery of that unity where He who is at one with God yet cried, 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt,' is not for us to understand. Yet the prayer of promise, 'They shall be with me where I am,' is for us to lay hold of, and breathe again and again when we are aching and alone and troubled."

Not only when we are aching and alone and troubled. When we are weak or cowardly in the face of duty, or braced up only by the pride of self or the fear of man, it is rest in that almighty friendship that gives both the docility of the child and the strength of a multitude of martyrs. There is other virtue which is hardy and brave, austere, and sometimes cruel, for the cause and the glory of God. This from the living and indwelling Christ has both the tenderness and omnipotence of Him who breathes it into us, for its strain of acknowledgment is, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." This, and not the Tripersonality, has been the renewing power of Christianity, and wrought all the graces

and the righteousness and the zeal and the piety distinctively Christian, for this is where God meets the soul and has his tabernacle with man. This is the door through which he comes and floods the heart with his strength and love. This made Methodism a saving and regenerating power, while the other churches lay high and dry on the sands of faith alone. It works the deepest and the richest Christian experience. It breathes and quivers through Moravian hymns. It shows man all the depths and windings of his depravity, and in the same measure supplies God's inexhaustible grace. It gives him the peace that rolls in like a river, and fertilizes all his nature as earthly fountains are becoming dry. It gives the Christian Church all the efficiency which it has for positive good in society. And when the hosts above sing "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,"—the Divine Humanity denied on earth but acknowledged in heaven,—it is this vital conscious connection between Christ and his redeemed that inspires the "hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The argument for any doctrine based merely upon its prevalence is always suspicious, when we consider the tendencies of a corrupt human nature to bring down Divine truth to its own level. But when we lay our finger upon a doctrine which has been the animus of the Church through all its most fearful apostasies, the argument from its prevalence is blown into atoms. History as well as reason turns full against it. The temptation is strong and subtle to yield to the corrupt currents of opinion, and be swept along with them; but that we are going back to the ages when Tritheism shut over the Church like an iron cover, and shut in the darkness, there is no reason to apprehend. For one hundred years Tritheism has been less and less the organic centre of Christian theology, while the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Divine Incarnation, the descended Word, the God with men, has become such more and more. This becomes the theme of all that Christian revivalism that leaves in the renovated

heart the fragrancy of heaven; and there are omens enough, if we will but see them, that not a divided worship, but a Divine Christology, shall fulfil the prediction, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

S.

 THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

PART III.

"Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmeared and dyed, —
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried."

Old Ballad.

SCENE. — *The Entrance of a Forest. Two Servants appear on horse-back, each with a child in his arms.*

OTHO.

How pale was Bertha, as we left her now
 At yonder castle-gate! Trembling and pale!
 Why was it? Fears she our return will be
 Less speedy than we promised?

HUBERT.

I know not,

Otho; but I — already I would give
 This my good sword that we were riding on
 Another errand!

OTHO.

A brave fellow thou!
 To win a purse of gold! Faint-hearted fool!
 But silent we must be, — else shall we find
 Our work not easy.

EDGAR.

We shall find mamma!
How glad to see her! Heaven is not too far,
As Bertha said, for me to find,—for I
Could go so far to find her! Now, so fast
We ride, Otho, we shall be very quick,
I hope!

OTHO.

Ay, boy! now we are galloping!
Ha! is not this brave riding?

EDGAR.

Will it bring
Us soon to heaven, where mamma is gone,
And now is waiting for us?

HUBERT.

Not so fast!
Prithee, good Otho! hush, my little one!
She's sadly frightened at the galloping,
And trembles in my arms, as a young bird
Doth flutter in thy grasp! Hush, little one!

OTHO.

Thou art a coward, Hubert! Canst not bear
The fluttering of a timid babe?

HUBERT.

Truly,
My heart's not made of steel! I would it were!
Otho, I cannot do this cruel deed!

OTHO.

Coward! it is no time to talk!

HUBERT.

But we
Can leave them in this wood to death as sure,
If not as speedy! All my purse of gold
I'll give thee, if thou wilt! Speak! speak!

OTHO.

But should they wander to the cot, and be
Found afterward, our master's anger will —

HUBERT.

They cannot be! Here in this endless wood,
So dark, and miles afar from human eye,
They must be safe! Otho, let us away!

(Aside.)

Ah, no! they shall not die! I'll gladly risk
My worthless life to save these innocents!

(They leave the children and gallop away.)

EDGAR.

This is too dark a place for heaven! for
That's so bright,—so bright! Nelly, perhaps,
Would show the way, if we could find her. Come!

Art tired now, little Jane? Then we will rest
Upon this mossy seat, and weep no more to-night!
We'll eat our berries, and then go to sleep!
To-morrow, when we wake, perhaps, if we
Are patient, waiting her, mamma will come!

Morning.

*(A Robin on the bough above a bird's-nest is singing its morning song.
Another Robin is flying back with berries in its beak.)*

DOLCÈ.

Carol, so long thou wert, the little birds
Are almost famished!

CAROL.

I will tell thee why
I am so late now, Dolcè! As I flew
In search of berries,—hither, thither,—I—
Come, tell me what I spied,—now, tell me what?

DOLCÈ.

Perchance, a serpent, or a wild-cat !

CAROL.

Nay !

Not either, foolish Dolcè ! Could I be
So joyful, had I seen a catamount
Or serpent ?

DOLCÈ.

Then, a kid, or lambkin !

CAROL.

Nay !

Not kid nor lambkin ; something brighter, far !
I saw two lovely little beings lie
A-sleeping, on a mossy bank. Their arms,
So fair and beautiful, were graceful twined
Together. In the thickest of the wood
They lay, — as from the far blue sky, methought
They came, they were so pure and lovely ! So
I stayed to look awhile. No fear I had
Of harm to me.

DOLCÈ.

Our Nelly — were they like ?

CAROL.

Ay ! but so far more lovely !

DOLCÈ.

Can they be
More lovely than our Nelly ? She so sweet
And smilingly doth scatter crumbs for us
Around her cottage-door !

CAROL.

Kindly she doth !

But thou must see these lonely sleeping babes
To know how beautiful they are !

DOLCÈ.

Ah! then

I'll go in quest of berries, leaving thee
To watch our nest.

CAROL.

Ay! Dolcè, — that will I,
That thou mayst see this picture!

DOLCÈ.

Whither fly?

I know not! thou wilt show me, Carol, — where?

CAROL.

One flight I'll take to point the way, before
The little birds have found that I am gone.

DOLCÈ.

Now, then! Art ready, Carol? Here we go!

(They fly away.)

JOHN JACKSON AMONGST THE SLAVEHOLDERS
OF SANTA CRUZ.

“12 mo. 3. — THIS town is called West End, or Fredericstead; and is pleasantly situated on the sea-shore, almost surrounded by high hills. Most of the persons who visit this island for health take boarding in this town. Here we are surrounded by the luxuriant products of the earth, growing in the richest profusion. The lofty cocoa-nut and mountain cabbage, whose stately columns appear like the pillars of a palace; the curious silk-tree; the tamarind; the orange, bearing its blossoms, its green and ripe fruit, all at once; the lime; the thibet-tree; a great number of flowers, among which I see some beautiful geraniums, and the ‘Pride of Barbadoes’ are now in abundance (December).

We walked to the fish-market, where we saw the most beautiful tropical fish, deep-red, blue, yellow, the variegated and striped; and it was an entertainment to get the sellers to give us their different names. The language spoken by the colored people in this island is a kind of broken English, with a mixture of Danish, and is almost unintelligible to us.

"12th mo. 5. — We occupied yesterday in making efforts to appoint some religious meetings. This being a despotic government, and the will of the Governor being the law in such cases, we mentioned to several persons, to whom we had letters of introduction, our wish to see the Governor." Here follow some accounts of the difficulties encountered. They found I. I. Gurney had been forbidden, a year before, to hold any public or private meetings; and the keepers of boarding-houses, to let their rooms for such a purpose under the penalty of a fine. I. I. Gurney had, however, obtained leave to hold one public meeting, on condition that he should say nothing upon slavery, and not request another meeting; but he held several private meetings, without having asked the Governor.) After some days, and a journey of fifteen miles, to see the Governor, (in vain, for he was ill,) the Police Judge, Andersen, received a formal letter, saying that "the requested permission cannot be granted," signed by the Governor, P. V. Scholten.

The journal continues:—"Thus it would seem that our mission will not be received. In the exercise of worldly power, men usurp the prerogative of Christ, and deny to him the right of sending by whom he will; forgetting his declaration, 'Whosoever shall receive in my name one of these little ones that believe in me, receiveth me; but whosoever shall offend one,' &c. The exercise of despotic power over the consciences of men has in every age retarded the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom; and it is to be deplored, that, with the history before us of the rejection of Jesus by the Jews, and of the ages of

martyrdom, any people should in this age be in bondage to a spirit of intolerance. The following is a copy of a notice issued by the Governor, and placed in all the boarding-houses of the place: 'Whereas it appears, that, notwithstanding the information and advice given to strangers and others at the police office, some persons have undertaken to hold meetings for the purpose of delivering religious speeches, discourses, or prayers: Notice is hereby given, that, agreeably to the existing laws and regulations of our country, none but the ministers duly appointed for the colonies, by the royal authority, or such persons as have obtained special permission from our government, are entitled to hold such meetings, and deliver discourses, prayers, or the like; and that, in case of non-compliance, the owner or tenant of the house where such illegal meetings may be found must expect to be prosecuted and dealt with according to law.'

"Having been prevented from holding religious meetings on this island, and not feeling entirely clear, without expressing more fully to the Governor and the inhabitants the object of our mission, I occupied a part of the day in writing 'An Address to the Inhabitants of St. Croix.'" From this address, which was subsequently printed and circulated in the island, we shall make an extract, which will serve once for all to give the practical, religious, and ecclesiastical doctrine as still held by the Quakers.

"The Society of Friends have, from their earliest rise, maintained as a fundamental point of doctrine, that a measure and manifestation of the spirit of Christ, 'the true light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world,' is given to all men, to lead and guide them in the path of duty; that this is 'the appearing' of 'Christ within' which the Apostle declared to be 'the hope of glory' (Col. i. 27), and which is the same divine power that the blessed Jesus alluded to, when he gave this command to his disciples: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into

the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost' (the baptism of fire, in discrimination from the baptism of water), 'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; *and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*' (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) This divine principle, or light of Christ within, is that to which our worthy predecessor, George Fox, called the attention of the people, as an efficacious teacher and spiritual guide to salvation, that they might conform their lives to the example and precepts of Jesus, and thus find peace with their Creator. Hence it is declared by William Penn, that 'a belief in the light of Christ within, as God's gift for man's salvation, is, our characteristic or main distinguishing point or principle of doctrine.' And in relation to those Quakers whom it pleased Christ to call to the ministry, the same writer asserts, that 'these experimental preachers of the glad tidings of God's truth and kingdom could not run when they listed, or preach or pray but as Christ prepared and moved them by his own blessed spirit, for which they waited in their meetings for worship, and spoke only as that gave them utterance.' 'They went not forth in their own wills or times, but in the will of God; and spake not their own studied matter, but as they were opened and moved of his spirit, with which they were well acquainted by their own conversion. They directed people to a principle within themselves, but not of themselves, by which all that they asserted, preached, and exhorted others to, might be known through renewed experience to be true.'

"Although many of the builders of systems of religion have rejected this revelation, or manifestation of Christ's spirit in man, as their foundation, our forefathers built upon it as a rock immovable, as 'the corner-stone, the tried stone, elect and precious,' which the Lord's prophet declared should be laid in Zion. (Isaiah xxviii. 16.) They undoubtedly were sincere in their convictions, when they went forth, as under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as the servants of

Jesus Christ, to call men from under the dominion and power of transgression, into the glorious liberty of the children of God; for they manifested their attachment to these principles by a willingness to suffer persecutions. Fines, imprisonments, even the loss of life itself, were inflicted upon them, and drove many of them from the shores of Great Britain to seek a refuge among strangers. In the wilderness of America they found an asylum, there the enlightened Penn founded a colony, there the tree of religious liberty was planted, and many generations have already partaken of its fruits.

“We are unshaken in the religion of our fathers; like them, we believe in the light of Christ within, as God’s great gift for man’s salvation; like them, we believe that the Head of the Church is as able now as formerly to make use of the weak things of this world to advance his cause. He set us the example, by choosing some of the illiterate fishermen of Galilee to be among the first promulgators of his Gospel. And we believe that the learning and wisdom of man are not an essential qualification for a minister of Christ; neither do they receive a true qualification from the ordinations of men, or by virtue of an appointment from royal authority, or the consent of human governments; for they are the servants of Jesus Christ only, whom he, by his Holy Spirit, calls to the labor he hath assigned them; and who can say, with the Apostle (1 Gal. i. 11, 12), ‘I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it by man, nor was taught but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.’

“Without assuming to ourselves more than belongs to the very least of the family of Christ, we unhesitatingly assert that we believe our Divine Master hath required at our hands the religious service in which we are now engaged. It is not our mission to teach for doctrines any commandments of men, or to call them to speculative theology; but to invite them to embrace the principles of practical right-

eousness, which will lead them to a knowledge of pure and undefiled religion. We dare not preach or pray in our own wills, nor in our own times, but only as our Heavenly Shepherd is pleased to enable us, poor instruments, to proclaim the Gospel. We covet no man's silver or gold; we are not in pursuit of any earthly treasure; we seek not the praise of men; but the love of Christ constraineth us; and for the spread of that religion which breathes 'Glory to God, peace and good-will to men,' we have left the endearments of home, to encounter many trials. Whatever may be the opinions of men concerning us, God is a witness that it is the religion of Jesus, which embraces the present and eternal welfare of our fellow-heirs of immortality, that we alone desire to promote. Our request to mingle with you in religious worship was because our love for all men extended over you. Therefore we are willing patiently to bear our burden, hoping that the day may speedily arrive when the feet of those who are commissioned to publish the glad tidings of salvation may be permitted to tread upon all the high places of the earth, to proclaim to Zion, 'Thy God reigneth.' But while we are willing patiently to suffer in spirit with the seed of the Church, we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that the exercise of human authority over the consciences of men is utterly at variance with the benign religion of Jesus Christ. We are well aware that nations have not unfrequently assumed the right to exercise this authority, and established what is called the religion of the country, which is either directly or remotely supported by the sword. The subjects of such governments are required, in a greater or less degree, to conform their views of worshipping their Creator to the standard thus set up for them; and they who may honestly and conscientiously dissent therefrom are subjected to spiritual bondage. We believe this has ever been detrimental to the interests of Christ's kingdom. His religion can never be forced upon men. They can only be induced to embrace it as they

behold the excellence of a life of holiness before God, exhibited in the daily walk of professors, and feel the workings of the Holy Spirit within. Nor are the ministers of Christ's Church exclusively confined to any particular sect or nation. For it is emphatically declared, that 'God is no respecter of persons, but, in every nation, they that fear him and work righteousness shall be accepted of him.'

"If, in the exercise of worldly power, men presume to deny to even the least of Christ's messengers the liberty wherewith he hath made them free, upon them must devolve the awful responsibility of rejecting Christ himself; for he has said, 'He that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me.' And again, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.'

"In conclusion, we take leave of you in the language of Paul to his brethren, 'commending you to God, and the word of his grace, who is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified.'"

In a letter to his wife from Santa Cruz, he says:—

"One thing was calculated to awaken painful feelings: it was the 'gangs' of slaves, as they call them, toiling by fifties and by hundreds, without due reward for their labor, accumulating wealth that others are to enjoy exclusively.

"I find great excitement on the subject of slavery here. The king of Denmark has *requested* that the slaves be allowed the seventh day of the week, to cultivate and sell small things for their own profit (which they now do on first days), and that the first day shall be exclusively devoted to education and religion. It is said that a majority of the inhabitants are in favor of this measure, and that it is quite likely to be carried into effect, notwithstanding it has many violent opposers. This seems to be one step toward emancipation.

"Almost this whole island is under a high state of sugar cultivation; the plantations are beautifully laid out, and, without any fences, are divided from each other by rows of

ornamental trees, which presents to the stranger a very agreeable appearance. The trees by the roadside make a delightful shade. But ah! there is always something to mar the pleasures of an earthly paradise; and here it is the reflection that all this beauty is the work of slaves whose labor was unrequited. Although slavery in this island exists in one of its modified forms, the government allowing the slave liberty at any time to purchase his freedom at valuation made by impartial judges, and positively forbidding the master from inflicting much personal suffering; and although a plan is now in operation for educating the slaves,—yet, for all this, slavery is a bitter curse. I see nothing in the system that can reconcile me to it in any shape whatever. To see the poor slaves toil in the cane-fields by hundreds, both men and women, using the hoe, when the plough and other improved agricultural instruments might be substituted therefor, argues a want of common-sense among the planters, and subjects the slave to great unnecessary labor. But there *can* be no improvements where slavery exists.”

In another letter from Santa Cruz to his wife, he says:—
“ Besides this prohibition of the Governor, we have had another class of ‘serpents’ to deal with in Santa Cruz; one of our passengers called upon us, and informed us that an Episcopal clergyman at the West End had received some pamphlets from the United States, giving an account of the ‘Hicksites.’ (One was an abusive Philadelphia production, written about the time of the separation; the other was I. I. Gurney’s address to the Friends in Baltimore.) A note accompanied the pamphlets, stating that ‘George Truman and John Jackson, two Hicksite preachers, expect to visit your island this winter. A. S. T.;’—and that these books showed that the Hicksites denied the Divinity of Christ, rejected the doctrine of the Atonement, disbelieved the Scriptures, &c.

“ We told our informant that the books had been ably

answered; and although it was not a part of our mission to be prejudicing the minds of people with books connected with the controversies among us, and we were not willing to lessen our dignity by so doing, we would be willing to see his friend face to face; and that we should consider him also of an unchristian spirit, if he should circulate the statements made in these books behind our backs, when we had offered him an opportunity for such conversation with us as would entirely remove his preconceived prejudices.

“What object can our orthodox friends have in circulating such books, at this late day, and among strangers? I know, it has cost me no small degree of deep spiritual baptism and trial, to give up to this work and service of my Master. Men may assume the judgment, and say that I deny the Divinity of Christ, and the offers of his love;—*I know in whom I have believed.* If the persons who sent these books had not known they were doing a clandestine business, they would have given their names in full; and if they had been in a Christian spirit, they would have taken an opportunity with *us*, before we left home, and known certainly whether we denied the Divinity of Christ, &c. I have called them ‘serpents’ because they manifest a secret unkindness, but I know not who has sent these books, neither do they trouble me.”

We omit, because the world is not worthy of them, the consolations he offers his wife for their separation; which he believed “to be of Divine appointment,” and was confident that they would hereafter be assured “it was desirable to have been separated,” because it would be a proof to them that “they could be faithful to duty under temptation.”

RANDOM READINGS.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.—INFLUENCE OF PRESENTIMENTS.

BELIEVE that you can do a thing, and you generally can. Believe you are going to die soon, and very likely you will. Believe you shall succeed, and half the battle is gained. Believe you shall be sick, and you open the door to disease. Hence the eternal sources of courage in Christian faith, and the power which superstition has to knock the heart out of us, and leave us to the mercy of defeat.

The Roman armies could not fight unless the omens were favorable. Cromwell's soldiers always conquered, because they had faith in God and kept their powder dry. Every one whose Christian reliance is not hearty and entire, is very apt to have some vein of superstition which lets in cowardice and fear, and hence unbelievers, or half-believers, are apt to be the most credulous. Knight quotes an anecdote of King Charles and Falkland, the best of his cavaliers, showing from what different sources the Cromwell men and the king's men replenished their courage. There was an old superstition of using the Bible, and sometimes other books, as fortune-books. Open at random, and you alight on the passage that describes your coming fortunes. Bishop Fisher resorted to this source of comfort when going to the scaffold. But Virgil was often used for the same purpose, and these trials of fortune were called the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The king and Falkland found a splendid copy of Virgil, and tried their luck. The king alighted upon a passage which Dryden thus translates. It is Dido's imprecation against Æneas.

"Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged, and himself expelled,
Let him for succor sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects' and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand."

The king was troubled as he closed the book. Falkland opened it to try his own fortune. He alighted upon the passage in which Evander bewails the untimely death of his son Pallas:—

“ O Pallas ! thou hast failed thy plighted word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword :
I warned thee, but in vain ; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardor would pursue :
That boiling blood would carry thee too far ;
Young as thou wert in danger, raw to war !
O curst essay of arms' disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come ! ”

It is needless to tell the reader of history, that each filled out almost to the letter the prophecy which he had opened to himself. The young cavalier fell shortly after in the battle of Newbury, with a strong presentiment of his fate as he rushed into the fight ; and everybody knows how fearfully the king verified in himself—his burial excepted—the imprecation of Dido.

s.

THE CEMETERY.

WELL is this place a Cemetery called,
For here do we unto the earth commit,
With hope in Christ, the forms of those we love,
And say our friends have fallen asleep in Him.
Without this hope, how sad the thought of death !
Of separation from the friends we love,
Their earthly forms commingling with the dust !
How does the spectacle of this our race,
With solemn march, forever moving on
In one procession to the silent tomb,
Oppress the mind, and lead it to despair !
Nature with faithful trust restores the grain,
Which man unto her bosom doth commit ;
But tells him not that he shall live again ;
Or only in dim type obscurely speaks.
We need assurance from a higher source,
To look to Christ, and in his promise trust.
Earth can restore but that which is her own,
Give back the grain again an hundred-fold,
Perpetuate her kinds, beasts, insects, birds ;

The individual in the species lost.
 Christ is the Resurrection and the Life,
 And at his coming them who sleep shall bring.
 With the same beauty do the flowers return,
 And with like foliage is the tree new clothed ;
 But in more glorious bodies shall they come,
 Who here have sought and loved and served the Lord,
 When He, with all his saints, shall be revealed
 In glory brighter than the morning sun.
 E'en now is earth and man, though mortal, touched
 With foregleams of the bright, immortal dawn.
 They followed not myths cunningly devised,
 Who have proclaimed the coming of the Lord ;
 For they beheld his glory on the mount,
 And heard the voice which came to him from heaven.
 So shall the Saviour in his kingdom come,
 And man, e'en here, transfigured be like him,
 A pledge of that more glorious final change,
 When God shall bring with Him the righteous dead.

J. V.

A BRIGHT BOY.

WE never read the scene in Henry IV. where Falstaff and Prince Henry exchange characters, without thinking of a similar one said to have occurred in an ancient parsonage a great while ago. Rev. Mr. Regulus was an excellent man, rather eccentric and somewhat economical. Jonas, a farmer's boy, used sometimes to go with presents to the parsonage, a sharp-eyed little fellow, but rather uncouth in his manners. One day he brought in a leg of mutton, laid it down without ceremony, and was making off.

"I'll teach that boy a lesson in good manners," said Mr. Regulus to his wife. "He needs to have the clown rubbed off a little."

"Jonas! come back here a moment. Don't you know, my fine fellow, that you should n't come into a house in this way, without knocking, and with your hat on. Sit down in my arm-chair. Imagine yourself the minister, and I'll come in with the mutton and show you how a boy ought to behave."

Jonas sits up gravely in the arm-chair, and Mr. Regulus goes out with the leg of mutton.

Enter Mr. Regulus, in the character of Jonas. He takes off his hat, with a low bow.

"My father sends his compliments to Mr. Regulus, and asks his pastor to accept a token of his regard."

Jonas, from the arm-chair: "I thank you. *Mrs. Regulus, just give that boy a ninepence.*"

The lesson was mutual.

FAMILY COMMENTARY.

WE are glad to be able to present to our readers a specimen of a Family Commentary upon the New Testament, which the Rev. Dr. Morison has long been engaged upon, and which, we are happy to say, will soon be issued. E.

"PARABLES.

"The fountain of life within flows forth into outward acts, and those outward acts are an emblem of the mind from which they come. So in nature, whatever we see proceeds from a fountain of life within, and is an emblem and token of the divine source from which it proceeds. Everything in nature, therefore, is an expression of the Divine Mind, and has its message or its influence from Him for us. The lightest forms of nature associate themselves with our deepest feelings or our highest thoughts, and the more entirely we are born into the realm of spiritual things, that is, the more alive our spiritual perceptions are, the more shall we be able to see the tokens and to feel the influences of the Divine Mind in our intercourse with nature. To him who looks through the visible forms to the great spiritual realities which they would express, every object around us, every change in nature, as an expression of the Divine Mind, is the outshadowing or the foreshadowing of something higher than itself. This great fact finds its way more or less into our common speech. The morning or evening of the day leads us spontaneously to think of the morning and evening of life. When we see the sun go down, and as it departs light up the western heavens with a richness and glory which the day has never known, we can hardly help thinking of the good man's life, which when withdrawn from our sight throws around the whole place where he dwelt, in gracious and touching remembrances, affections, virtues, and prayers more beautiful and holy than when he was bodily present with us. So the flower, the fruit, the leaf, is each suggestive to us of thoughts and emotions which lie in a

higher plane of life. Thus it was that Jesus saw all outward objects and events in their higher relations, and made use of them to express the higher facts which they bodied forth to his mind. No one can understand his language who receives it merely in its literal acceptance; 'for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' (2 Cor. iii. 6.) We have only to open the Gospels to see how in his use of speech material things are made to lift us up into the realm of spiritual being. When he says, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' he speaks in no literal sense. When he speaks of light and darkness, it is the light and darkness of the soul. When he speaks of hell-fire, he speaks of it, not in its material, but its spiritual sense, as an emblem of the anguish into which the souls of the wicked shall be cast, unless they repent and are converted. So when he says, 'Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life,' it is in the higher and spiritual sense that these expressions are used. The devout heart catches this inner meaning of the Saviour's words, and finds them, as he has said, becoming to him 'spirit and life.' He that would read the Gospels in any other way loses all that is most holy and divine. It is as if we should confine our eye to the glass of the telescope, instead of looking through it to the worlds of light which it reveals beyond.

"These remarks are especially applicable to the chapter before us, which has been called the chapter of parables. The parables, like all figurative language and most of our reasoning from analogy, derive their power from the fact that material things not only have certain established relations among themselves, but also certain relations to spiritual things, which they may help to illustrate, explain, and enforce. The connection is not one arbitrarily assumed by man, but has its foundation in the constitution of the universe and of the human mind. The analogies which reach from one department of thought to another, from things material to things intellectual or spiritual, have impressed themselves on all languages, and perhaps most decidedly on those which have been used to express the highest spiritual ideas. The simplest mind catches these resemblances, and delights in the higher meanings which are bodied forth in the most common forms of speech. The image borrowed from some familiar object of sense, and standing as the representative of some higher truth, fixes itself in the mind, and acts upon it through the imagination with a power which more literal terms could not have. The greatest poets, the profoundest reasoners, and the common language

of mankind, alike abound in examples of this kind. Shakespeare, for instance, may be taken to show how, in the highest poetry, images drawn from material things or common life shadow forth to the heart a deeper, higher, or more affecting meaning.

‘The immortal part needs a physician.’ — *Henry IV.*

‘The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on your heads like dew.’ — *Cymbeline.*

‘Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.’ — *Romeo and Juliet.*

“No literal terms of description could convey to the mind the ideas here suggested with such exquisite beauty and tenderness. The Scriptures abound in expressions of this sort, which introduce into the mind some image easily comprehended, that fills the whole soul with sentiments and emotions suggested by it. Take expressions like these: ‘The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.’ (Jer. viii. 20.) ‘The night is far spent, the day is at hand.’ (Rom. xiii. 12.) ‘Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.’ (Luke xxiv. 29.) ‘I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine: and I lay down my life for the sheep.’ (John x. 14, 15.) ‘Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.’ (Matt. xi. 29, 30.) We see at once how the simple facts, which are presented in the words, spontaneously awaken other ideas; and the images, so familiar to us in nature, carry us on to thoughts which lie wholly beyond them. And not merely are other thoughts suggested, but sentiments and emotions which we can hardly define are awakened by the words, and lift us up into a higher sphere.

“‘It is not merely,’ says Trench in the introduction to his *Notes on the Parables*, ‘that these analogies assist to make the truth intelligible, or, if intelligible before, present it more vividly to the mind, which is all that some will allow them. Their power lies deeper than this, in the harmony unconsciously felt by all men, and by deeper minds continually recognized and plainly perceived, between the natural and spiritual worlds, so that analogies from the first are felt to be something more than illustrations, happily but yet arbitrarily chosen. They are arguments, and may be alleged as witnesses; the world of nature being throughout a witness for the world of spirit, proceeding from the same head, growing out of the same root,

and being constituted for that very end. All lovers of truth readily acknowledge these mysterious harmonies, and the force of arguments derived from them.'

"All just reasoning from analogy depends on the recognition of a unity of purpose running through all the works of God, and making them all, as parts of one great plan, point upward to the same results. The outward system of things stands forth to the mind as the representative of higher powers than address themselves to the senses. 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' (Ps. xix.) 'The invisible things of Him, even his eternal power and godhead, are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things that are made.' (Rom. i. 20.) 'All things here,' says Tertullian, 'are witnesses of a resurrection; all things in nature are prophetic outlines of Divine operations, God not merely speaking parables, but doing them.' Not only in processes of reasoning, but in the finer and more important processes by which the imagination is quickened and the affections reached, we are constantly drawn up from what is material and temporal to what is spiritual and eternal. Works like those of Dante and Milton borrow their marvellous power from this fact. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' delight the heart, and feed the religious sentiments of generation after generation, through the mysterious but vital connections which bind what is seen to what is unseen. This alone makes it possible to weave, from scenes and incidents addressed to the eye, a narrative which shall bring us into connection with a higher order of beings and events. The language which has most deeply moved the heart of the world, and especially that which acts most powerfully on the masses, and at the same time on the purest religious minds, partakes largely of this character. The world is not only a school-room, in which visible objects serve as diagrams by which to prove the reality of spiritual things; but on every side are pictures addressing themselves to the eye, through the eye to the imagination, and through the imagination to the heart, awakening our spiritual sensibilities, and educating our whole natures to a higher life. We can hardly over-estimate the influence in the religious training of the world, which has been exercised in this way by the pictures from nature, or from common life, which have been used by Jesus to represent spiritual ideas, excite religious emotions, or help us on in our religious experience.

"The parables belong to this department of religious instruction.

The value of a parable is not to be estimated by the single truth which it is employed to set forth, however great that truth may be. Its accompaniments, its indirect and subtle influences, through the imagination, the new meaning which it thus gives to nature or to life, the atmosphere of spiritual beauty, joy, or reverence in which it enfolds the mind of the child, and by which it ministers to its spiritual and immortal life, are to be taken into account as adjuncts, apart from which the truth would be left comparatively without interest and without power. The parable of the Sower who went forth to sow, of the Wheat and the Tares, of the Ten Virgins, the Rich Man and Lazarus, the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son, are among the most impressive and influential agencies in our religious education.

"As to the rules of interpretation, too much stress must not be laid on the details in judging of their relation to the main truth. Their office is rather, by completing the picture, to act on the imagination, to touch the feelings, and subdue the mind to the tone which is needed in order that it may receive the truth. This is a most important office. In the Prodigal Son, for instance, the little details which go to fill out the picture of want and wretchedness are what give its affecting pathos to the story. And the fact that they perform this essential office should put us on our guard against trying to force all the minute particulars into our interpretation. A parable is not an allegory."

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD-NIGHT TO GRANDFATHER.

It would seem as though brighter and sweeter spirits than those of childhood, if such there are, sometimes borrow their young lips to teach us concerning the dead. The night after their grandfather died, G. and F., of some three and four years, were dismissed as usual with their good-night kiss, in the hall at the foot of the stairs, to go to their trundle-bed. We listened lest any strange fear should overtake them. As they passed the chamber where the remains lay, one of them said, "Let us go in and bid dear grandpapa good night. *God may let him hear us.*" So they opened the door, and by the distant light of the hall lamp went up to the bed, uttered their sweet good-night, and went happily to their rest. Could the boasted oratory of any age have power so to flood the heart and suffuse the eyes until they ached from very fulness of blessing, as did those simple words of childhood?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Christian Believing and Living. Sermons by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—For many reasons, these twenty-five sermons will be extensively and eagerly read, but for no better reasons than the intrinsic value of the sermons themselves. They are produced out of a profound religious experience, and it would be difficult to say whether the riches of thought or of language are the more remarkable. For tenderness, unction, searching appeal, varied suggestion, quickening power, and subduing pathos, in a style that adapts itself to the theme, and rises and falls through all the shades and ranges of thought and feeling with inimitable dignity and ease, they are the most remarkable pulpit utterances we have ever known. Our sermon reading is somewhat extensive, but we have seldom met with anything from the English, French, or American pulpit which combines more excellences than these, or which seems to us better adapted to elevate the standard or sustain the honor of pulpit eloquence.

There is one characteristic which impresses us on reading the volume, and which reminds us of a remark we once heard from one of the preacher's most devout and intelligent hearers: "I always came away feeling sad." There is an undertone of pensiveness. It is true, he describes the joy and the triumph, the "peace by power," sometimes by the masterly touches of his rhetoric. But we are ever in a dim cathedral light, walking over graves, hearing the *miserere*, looking down the solemn aisles, and we never get sight of the naked heavens or hear the chants in open sunshine and air. This is not owing altogether to the sense of sin, which the preacher has felt deeply himself, and wishes also to produce in others, and which is one of the striking excellences of the sermons. It is owing to the nature of the remedy. Dr. Huntington evidently places the chief remedial power of the Gospel in the death of Christ, and emphasizes it as vital and central, and this, wherever it is done, gives its hue and tone to the whole cultus of devotion and piety.

The sermon to which the readers of the volume will turn with peculiar interest is the one entitled "Life, Salvation, and Comfort for

Man in the Divine Trinity." In this he takes decided ground as a Trinitarian, and fixes his final theological position with the Orthodox division of the Church. The following extract will give some of the reasons which influence him, as well as illustrate his skill in setting them forth:—

"Truth is not determined by majorities; and yet it would be contrary to the laws of our constitution not to be affected by a testimony so vast, uniform, and sacred as that which is rendered by the common belief of Christian history and the Christian countries to the truth of the Trinity. There is something extremely painful, not to say irreverent, towards the Providence which has watched and led the true Christian Israel, in presuming that a tenet so emphatically and gladly received in all the ages and regions of Christendom as almost literally to meet the terms of the test of Vincentius, — Believed always, everywhere, and by all,* — is unfounded in revelation and truth. Such a conclusion puts an aspect of uncertainty over the mind of the Church scarcely consistent with any tolerable confidence in that great promise of the Master, that he would be with his own all days. We travel abroad through these converted lands, over the round world. We enter, at the call of the Sabbath morning light, the place of assembled worshippers: let it be the newly-planted conventicle on the edge of the Western forest, or the missionary station at the extremity of the Eastern continent; let it be the collection of northern mountaineers, or of the dwellers in southern valleys; let it be in the plain village meeting-house, or in the magnificent cathedrals of the old cities; let it be the crowded congregation of the metropolis, or the 'two or three' that meet in faith in upper chambers, or in log-huts, or under palm-trees; let it be groups in dark and by-way alleys, companies of rescued vagrants, victims of persecution in caves of the rocks and hiding-places of the hills; let it be regenerate bands gathered to pray in any of the islands of the ocean, or thankful circles of believers confessing their dependence and beseeching pardon on ships' decks in the midst of the ocean. So we pass over the outstretched countries of both hemispheres: — it is well-nigh certain — so certain that the rare and scattered exceptions drop out of the broad and general conclusion — that the lowly petitions, the fervent supplications, the hearty confessions, the eager thanksgivings, or the grand peals of choral adoration, which our ears shall hear, will end in the uplifting ascription to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the one ever-living and almighty God of all the earth. This is the voice of the unhesitating praise that embraces and hallows the globe. Or we stand still, and look backward, to see what teaching it has been that has achieved all the great results that we glory in, as constituting our Christian civilization; and we find that in

* "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

simple, historical fact this very doctrine appears in immediate and significant connection with nearly all. It is this, or at least that system of which this is a characteristic and inseparable element, which has reverently reared the majestic and humbler temples, has piled up the vast cruciform structures by the hands of generations which crumbled one after another as the slow toil proceeded, has written the ancient creeds and modern confessions, has prayed the earlier and later litanies, has sung the *glorias* and *misereres* of exultant or penitent millions, has lifted the sweet hymns of East and West, has organized missions and sent forth their messengers, has called councils and subdued nations to the cross, has conserved the order and reformed the abuses of imperfect administrations, and has presided over the learning, the philosophy, and the poetry in the literature of the Christian centuries. Throughout all these diversities of sacred operation, this old and vital truth, reaffirmed, hardly questioned, if omitted soon resumed again, kept clear and confident, has wrought, has builded, has preserved. And then, if we enter into the private experiences, the griefs, and strifes, and sorrows of the unnumbered multitudes that have been born in pain, and died in the midst of tears, it is this truth which has kept its vigils by the weary processions of sufferers, and consoled them. All this is the undeniable report of facts. That there have been some, in different places, limited communities, or scattered individuals, avowing belief in the religion, and honorable in character, who have rejected the doctrine, is evident. Yet it keeps its place, — never more firmly established, or widely welcomed, with its related and attendant truths, than to-day. Grateful for a support so comforting, and a sympathy so large, its advocates can afford to leave all impatience and intolerance to less privileged men." — pp. 358 — 361.

Dr. Huntington goes on to state and further establish what he considers the essential doctrine, affirming not only the Trinity, but the Tripersonality of the Godhead, and attempting to prove it by Scriptural citations. All the texts quoted and the expositions of them for or against are already familiar to those acquainted with the Trinitarian controversy. He allows, nevertheless, that the doctrine is a "mystery offered to faith," and protests that the notion of personality is to be received in a special sense as applied to Deity.

"Hence it is pertinent to remember that, strictly speaking, personality is a human conception, applicable to God at all only by an extreme liberty, and not at all competent to include the measures of Infinitude; and that this is so generally held by all Trinitarian scholars that any attempt to press them into embarrassment by the consideration now before us is nugatory to the last degree. It is now as commonly admitted by the highest philosophy as it is cheerfully confessed by religious humility, that a proper, intellectual conception of the personality of an Infinite Being is impossible." — pp. 373, 374.

Dr. Huntington closes his argument by stating under three heads what he calls "the practical fruits of the doctrine." The first is, that it is a necessary means of manifesting and supporting in the mind of our race a faith in the true personality of God. It saves from Pantheism on one side, and idolatry on the other. The second is, that it is the groundwork of the whole Scripture doctrine of the atonement for sin. Under this head he assumes the ground that a vicarious atonement, one which satisfies the Divine law, is necessary to keep man alive to the enormity of sin. "There never can be a religion of vitality and commanding majesty, where enfeebled conceptions prevail of those two primal and terribly hostile forces, — the sovereign holiness of God and the wicked will of man." The third of these fruits is found in the vital connections which the doctrine establishes "between itself and the historic development and practical piety of the Church."

"When this view is denied, — if one may offer such a criticism with no affront to Christ's own charity, the bond of Christian perfectness, — it appears that, besides the direct loss of positive evangelical resources, there is also a general decline of Christian efficiency. There is a diminished attachment to the person of the Saviour, a cooler loyalty to him, a feebleness of indebtedness to him, with a corresponding abatement of all those inspiring and grateful emotions toward him which the thought of God 'found in fashion as a man and humbling himself to become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,' is calculated to sustain. Moral obedience takes on a prudential, calculating aspect. The exultant thankfulness at release by the cross from a deserved misery is gone. Even the belief in Christ's personal presence with his people often becomes an abstract notion, and the joy of it fades away. In not a few instances, a living faith in any divine personality gives place to a frigid intellectual nature-worship, and God either subsides into a philosophical abstraction, or is tied up in the changeless and fatal continuity of his own physical laws. The supernatural grows unreal; its glories vanish from the scenery of the soul, and all the tangible communications it opens between heaven and earth are shut. Deism is followed by naturalism, naturalism by materialism, a materialism not a whit the less Pagan because adorned with taste, learning, and a liberal application of those terms of Christian phraseology, and those external habits of decorum, which are the inestimable boon and heritage transmitted from the disowned creed of the Gospels. The doctrine of the Holy Ghost dwindles into an attenuated, æsthetic impression of a regular, natural Providence. The special act of that Person, regeneration, is dwarfed into a self-improvement by the human will. The liberty of genuine prayer is shortened — if prayer survives in articulate

forms at all—into a dull and barren process of self-stimulation, which yields effects like dropping new or multiplied buckets into empty wells;—for a fixed order of events cannot hear supplication, praise, or thanksgiving. The life dies out of both private and public devotion. Man's part of the business usurps the interest that belongs to God's part;—the professed worshipper is more anxious to be enlightened or entertained or electrified by figures of rhetoric, or bursts of declamation, or ethical lecturing, than to be pardoned for his sins, or to have his soul borne up in self-forgetful homage. Through a sentimental fear of charging God with severity, a cruel blow is struck at his equity, — and his majestic attribute of mercy is construed to mean a fond indulgence of all sorts of people in all sorts of things."— pp. 399–401.

Dr. Huntington makes such exceptions and qualifications to these statements as he thinks the laws of charity require, and then sets forth two incidental advantages of this doctrine. One is clearness of thought in respect to the nature and place of Christ. The other is, that it "goes far to exhibit the mutual interdependence of the parts of Revelation, and to confirm the historical and moral unity of the Bible."

We have thus aimed to give as fully as our limits will allow an account of this remarkable volume, and especially the sermon which will impart to it a peculiar interest. We have only room here to express our admiration of the loyalty to religious convictions, and the reverent and catholic spirit, evinced in the theological and controversial portion of the volume, and our dissent from every position assumed in the argument for the Tripersonality. Not only neither of the main positions is made good, but it could be easily shown, we think, that reason, Scripture, the profoundest wants of man, and the richest experiences of the heart, the history of the Church, and the crying exigencies of the present age, are all the other way, and tell against this corruption of a past age with an urgency which will render the most impassioned appeals for it, and the most affluent rhetoric, altogether unavailing.

S.

The Simplicity of Christ's Teachings set forth in Sermons. By CHARLES T. BROOKS, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Newport, R. I. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — "The writer of these twenty-five sermons has been persuaded to believe that they speak forth the words of truth and soberness in a wholesome way, for an age vibrating uncomfortably between extremes of religious thought and feeling, and yearning at heart for that unity in faith and

in life which Unitarianism in its best and true sense seems to him." This passage from the writer's preface sets forth succinctly the purpose and spirit of the sermons. In doctrinal statement they are thoroughly Unitarian, the views of God, Christ, retribution, progress, and Biblical interpretation being a very fair expression of the average Unitarian mind. On the subject of the Church, however, he adopts the idea of the minister of the West Church, and identifies the Church with the congregation.

The spirit of the sermons is uniformly gentle, and the style is clear as the waters of a purling brook. Whoever wishes to know what Unitarianism is, as reflected from one of the purest of minds and in the clearest intellectual light, cannot find a better volume for his purpose than this. S.

The Still Hour, or Communion with God. By AUSTIN PHELPS, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This is a little book of 136 pages, designed as an aid to devotion. We heartily recommend it. Let all get it who prize the privilege of prayer, and yearn for its highest blessings. We are tempted to quote from the title-page the quaint lines of George Herbert: —

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.

Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.

Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own;

And tumble up and down what thou find'st there."

S.

God Manifest; a Treatise on the Goodness, Wisdom, and Power of God, as manifested in his Works, Word, and Personal Appearing. By the REV. O. PRESCOTT HILLER. London: Hodson and Son. Boston: Otis Clapp. — The author of this volume is a native of Boston, and at present a minister of the New Jerusalem Church in Glasgow, Scotland. He is, we think, one of the best writers in the New Church communion. He is favorably known among New Church readers as the author of a volume of practical sermons. The present treatise sets forth in a style popular and sometimes beautiful, and in a spirit uniformly devout and tender, the manifestation of God in nature, in man, in the Bible, and in Jesus Christ, or God appearing to men "in a form accommodated to their sight and apprehension, — namely, with the cloak of humanity about him, — with a material veil over his

Divine countenance." In the last part of the book he treats of the problem of moral and physical evil, and attempts to reconcile it with the Divine attributes. No one can read the work in the love of truth without being led through fields of thought always suggestive, and into frames of mind always devout and elevated. s.

Life Without and Within ; or Reviews, Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Edited by her Brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston : Brown, Taggard, and Chase. — This is the third volume which Mr. Fuller has edited of the writings of his sister, and, as it seems, is to be the last. In our judgment, it is the best of the three. The essays and criticisms are spirited and racy. There is running through them a tone of independence and a freedom from cant which we like much, even when dissenting from the writer's views. Fronting the title-page is a portrait of Mrs. Ossoli, wonderfully idealized from any we have ever seen before. It has a pensive and contemplative air, and reveals depths of mind and heart, and great spiritual power chastened by suffering and sorrow. One would hardly take this to be the same Margaret whose countenance is given in a former volume, who wrote some rather sharp things in it, and whose self-consciousness seemed altogether too intense. *This* face is beautiful, almost heavenly, and is fit to represent one's idea of the wife and mother, after she rose out of the storm and the shipwreck and all earthly sorrows, and appeared in spiritual form among the soft serenities above. Both the face and the volume will be a memorial to be prized by her many admirers and friends.

s.

Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, with a Life of the Author and Illustrative Notes. By WILLIAM GRAY, ESQ. Boston : T. O. H. P. Burnham. — This volume does not include the *Arcadia*, which was regarded as Sidney's master-piece ; but it *does* include the *Defence of Poesy*, full of the sweetest and most delicious things, drawn out in the most melodious and silvery of English prose. It contains also his miscellaneous poems and his famous letter to Queen Elizabeth, dissuading her from marrying the Duke of Anjou. The life is very full and satisfactory, and will be read with keen relish from beginning to end, both for the view of men and things connected with the court of Queen Elizabeth, and for the interest in the imme-

diate subject of it, "the mirror of knighthood and the flower of chivalry." The volume is rich in choice things, and the reading public do not deserve to be served well unless they buy it. The fair paper, clear type, massive binding, variegated title-page, and whole mechanical execution, are worthy of the contents of the volume.

S.

The American Almanac for 1860 abounds in statistical tables and "useful knowledge" of various kinds. Besides the calendar and the usual tables connected with it, there is the table of latitude and longitude of the principal places in the United States, a paper on Donati's Comet of 1858, from a pamphlet by Mr. George P. Bond, another on the Laws of Storms, an elaborate article on the Aurora Borealis and the Aurora Australis, by Professor Lovering, Meteorological Tables, &c. In Part Second we have a list of the Presidents, Executive Government and Cabinet, Army List, Navy List, the Marine Corps, the Judiciary, Abstracts of Laws, Revenue and Expenditure, Commerce and Navigation.

S.

Hours with the Evangelists. By I. NICHOLS, D. D. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859.—This is a valuable contribution to our theological literature. Upon the subject of the evidences of our Christian faith, which in every century from the founding of the Church has tasked the powers of the profoundest intellects and engaged their largest scholarship, one would naturally conclude that there were no new views to be presented, no new investigations to be made, and no new interest to be awakened. But Dr. Nichols has proved that such a conclusion would be a very hasty one indeed. He has presented us here with a work on this well-used theme, which, on account of its intrinsic merits, must command the attention and call for the gratitude of Biblical students, and of all who attach a value to the records of our religion. Writing from the point of view of a consistent and earnest and still deepening faith, and with a large experience in a long and successful and honored ministry, he brought to his undertaking a preparation of mind which, in connection with his varied acquisitions and fondness for philosophical inquiry, eminently fitted him for it. There is a rare mingling in the work of simplicity with profundity. Anybody can understand it, and yet evidences are constantly appearing in every chapter that it is the production of a metaphysical thinker.

Its language is simple, choice, chaste, and vigorous, while its thought is broad, noble, elevated, and spiritual.

It is a very suggestive work. The several topics discussed in the volume before us it does not appear to have been so much a purpose of the author to exhaust, as to present in new and original views. The reader is made to feel upon almost every page how rich a mine of wealth has thus been opened to him, which he may enter and work with the best results. It does not appear anywhere that it was undertaken with the intention of refuting Strauss, although the author does not hesitate to grapple with the speculations and conceits of that bold and daring thinker, whenever they come in his way, and he seems to us to have succeeded in showing their flimsiness.

The present volume contains an Introduction conceived in remarkable beauty and simplicity, in which the author gives utterance to his own religious convictions in a tone and style which show how sincere and deep they were, and sixteen chapters upon the following subjects: General Coincidences; Characteristics of the Gospels; The Mythical Theory; Miracles,—their Harmony with Nature; their Uses; their Credibility; The Nativity; The Infancy and Childhood of Jesus; John the Baptist; The Baptism and Temptation; The Apostles and Evangelists; Nathaniel; The Miracle at Cana; The Traditions in the Temple; Nicodemus's Conversation with the Samaritan Woman; Cure of the Nobleman's Son,—of the Impotent Man.

The work is dedicated to the author's parish in Portland, at whose request and expense it was published, "to serve as a memorial of a long and happy connection with them." It is printed in the highest style of the art, and to it is prefixed a beautiful engraving of Titian's celebrated painting of our Saviour's conversation with a Pharisee in regard to paying tribute to Cæsar.

P.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Three Hundred and Tenth Thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—Mrs. Stowe, in our judgment, has never surpassed the first effort that made her famous. "Dred" was a second Uncle Tom, produced with more labor, but flagging towards its close, and never finished. Her last work is more artistically executed, and has splendid passages, and scenes beautifully drawn. But Uncle Tom wrote itself. The tender humanity, the searching pathos, the indescribable humor, the power of imagination

that gives to sentences and single words the charm of pictures, exist unsurpassed in *Uncle Tom*, and children go back to it and read it over and over, who never would attempt either of Mrs. Stowe's more elaborate productions. Sam and Andy will live as long even as Dogberry and Verges, and this world will be a better one evermore because Little Nell and Eva have appeared in it, if only as ideals and possibilities. The ghost-story, got up to help off Emmeline and Cassy, is the only thing in the book which seems an *interpolation*.

Uncle Tom marks an era in the history of a great reform. It was one of the most powerful agencies in reversing the pro-slavery current of opinion, and it shows how much stronger is one woman in the right than all the statesmen and politicians in the wrong. The praise of this book in coming history will be that it nullified the Fugitive Slave Bill.

S.

Worcester's Quarto Dictionary, long and eagerly expected, has appeared at last. We promise our readers in our next number some account of this splendid result of learning and labor. But they need not wait longer for a Dictionary that combines as many excellences as can be compressed within the same compass and price.

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E.

Ernest Bracebridge; or, Schoolboy Days. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — This is a very lively story of English school life, which will interest and improve our own school-children.

E.

All the Children's Library: or, 1. Noisy Herbert, and Other Stories for Small Children. 2. The R. B. R.'s, my Little Neighbors. 3. Bessie Grant's Treasure. 4. A Summer with the Little Grays. 5. Modesty and Merit, from the German. 6. Faith and Patience; a Story, and something more, for Boys. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860.—These six volumes, enclosed in their neat box, form a very rich entertainment for children of various ages, beginning with the youngest. One "small child" pronounces "Noisy Herbert" perfectly splendid. We commend the series to parents. E.

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